National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

RADICALISM VINDICATED IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Office of the "True American," Erie, Pa., October 14, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The irrepressible conflict has been raging in North-western Pennsylvania. Hon. B. Lowry has just been elected to the State Senate from the 27th Senatorial District. He believes that "emancipation is the true cure for rebellion." He unreservedly enunciates that principle; the fight was made upon it, and his election is an endorsement of it by the people of this District. The opposition to him was bitter beyond precedent. I enclose you for publication the following correspondence, which was elicited in consequence of his thoroughness of sentiment, and which definitely defines his political position. It was written early in the canvass. I predict that Mr. Lowry will make a stir among the dry bones of conservatism next winter at Harrisburg.

Yours, for squelching rebellion by removing the cause of it,
H. Catlin,
Editor *True American.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Conneautville, Pa., Aug. 17, 1861.

M. B. Lowry, Esq.—*My Dear Sir:* A young gentleman from your city has just handed me a copy of an Erie paper, heretofore supposed to be friendly to you, in which serious reflections are cast upon you, evidently designed to injure you as a candidate for State Senator. The sheet alluded to states that at a recent war-meeting in your city, you "gave utterance to sentiments which put to blush the savage barbarity and ferocity of the Indian, as enacted in days when Christianity was confined to a smaller sphere of action than at present." Another Erie paper had previously attempted to quote your words in that speech, and as the two reports somewhat disagree, I desire that, for the benefit of your many friends in this section, you give me your own version of the language you employed on the occasion referred to, and the circumstances under which you uttered it. Very respectfully,
S. G. Krick.

Erie, Pa., Aug. 19, 1861.

S. G. Krick, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Your letter of Saturday was duly handed me. The quotation from my speech made at a late war-meeting in this city, as given by at least one of the Erie papers alluded to, is considerably more correct than could reasonably have been expected from that publication. Soon after the news of the great battle of Manassas reached [illegible] a war-meeting was called in this city, over which I had the honor to preside, and at which I made some remarks. Passing over all that I said (and what others said), relative to the terrible slaughter to which our army was there subject, to the inhuman and worse than savage treatment of our wounded upon the battle-field, to the fact of the rebels fiendishly burning our hospitals, firing on our ambulances, maltreating their prisoners of war, and thrusting into prison those sent to recover the body of the noble Cameron, dead in battle—passing over what was said about the offer to negro regiments of prizes of $10 to each negro for every Northern scalp he might take—I freely admit that I *did* substantially say, as might be supposed under the inspiration of those goading facts, that were I President of the United States I would, as a military necessity, by virtue of the war power, proclaim freedom to every American slave whose master was in arms against the government. And I *did* say that were I President of the United States, I would arm the slaves and tell them to fight for their freedom, and to put to death every disloyal master who trampled on the Stars and Stripes. And I *did* substantially say that were I Commander-in-Chief of the Federal forces, I would arm and place the negroes that came to me in the front ranks of the army, and let their rebel claimants fire into their stolen property, with their stolen arms, at the rate of a thousand dollars a shot. And I then gave it as my opinion that the government should confiscate the property, real and fictitious, of every rebel, and substantially averred that I would give the slave of a master in arms against the government 160 acres of his master's plantation for his master's scalp. And I *did* express the opinion that the Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. army would, ere this war ceases, as an inevitable necessity, blazon on every banner that he carries against slaveholding foes, the inspiring and noble motto—"Universal Emancipation," and by thus enlisting the sympathy of the whole civilized world, he would conquer. I *did* say that the issue presented was that of the overthrow of the government or the annihilation of slavery—that Jeff. Davis and his minions aimed at the destruction of the noblest government on earth for the reason that that government was supposed to be no longer in the interest of human slavery, and that we must make up our minds to submit to a ruthless military despotism, or we must destroy Jeff. Davis, and with him the infernal system which furnishes the powder, the ball, the bullion and the motive power for such a rebellion.

What I then said to the citizens of Erie, I had said before to the high functionaries of the government. *I reassert those sentiments now.* They are the product not of momentary impulse but of mature judgment. They are the sober convictions of my heart. Their correctness irresistibly impressed me when first I saw this storm impending. As long ago as when I stood at Old John Brown's prison-door, and heard Henry A. Wise declare to the thronging crowd, that had Fremont been elected to the Presidency, he would have marched at the head of an army, hung the President and sacked the Capital, and when I witnessed the wild enthusiasm and heard the deafening shout with which five thousand Virginians applauded the treasonable declaration, I then saw what we were ultimately to meet, and how earnestly and effectually we should meet it.

I am sure that those who are industriously opposing me for the utterance of these radical views do not know what they are doing, and are not up to the urgent demands of this emergency. They will yet be soundly ashamed of making such vituperative opposition. They will yet be driven to see that this rebellion can be speedily and permanently suppressed only by suppressing the *cause* of it. A few more reverses and disasters will bring them to their senses. In this time, the progress of public sentiment is rapid. What men may hesitate to embrace to-day, they shall gladly welcome to-morrow. The expenditure of a million of dollars per day and the sacrifice of thousands of precious lives will, ere long, inevitably make us all willing to end this outlay of blood and of treasure by putting to an end the wretched system which has involved us in this calamity. Expediency, safety, policy, to say nothing of the unceasing demands of humanity, point to this sole settlement of the contest. Besides, I believe this war to be God's own war, and that He will ratify no treaty of peace that compromises His truth.

Nothing can be more gratifying to Jeff. Davis and his coadjutors in treason than to hear Northern men denounced for expressing opposition to the institution for which they wage war. Though such denunciation may be *supposed* to be popular to-day, the time is near at hand when it will be not only unpopular but will be considered incipient treason. When slavery is making war upon the government, the loyalty of that man will soon come to be seriously doubted who insists that slavery, in return, shall be respected and shielded from molestation and harm. I warn those presses and politicians who now traduce me, to beware how they make up a record which shall descend to a loyal generation yet unborn as a legacy of cowardice and shame.

I admit that I may be more radical in my views than some of my neighbors are yet prepared to be, but my experience has been such as perhaps to justify me in maintaining such views. To witness the paving stones of Baltimore reddened with Massachusetts blood, to see 8,000 armed demons, in the form of a Baltimore mob, leagued to shoot down unarmed Pennsylvania soldiers on their way to defend the nation's Capital in the hour of its imminent peril, and to suffer the great personal risks and the personal sacrifice of more than half of my estate, because of this war for human slavery—these facts must stand as some apology for my fanaticism, if fanaticism it be. My views were honestly obtained and are honestly cherished.

Unfortunately, I am a candidate for civil office, and as such, am fated to have my actions misinterpreted and my expressions garbled. The people *have* a right to know what are the principles of every man who solicits their suffrages. I have endeavored to indicate my own convictions in this brief letter. Such as they are I present them, through you, for public consideration, and by them I must stand or fall.

I am, most truly, your friend, M. B. Lowry.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES UNDER FREEDOM.

From The [London] Anti-Slavery Advocate.

We lately read with no ordinary pleasure a little work of about ninety pages, price two shillings, published by the Messrs. Longman's, from the pen of Mr. Charles Buxton, M.P., a son of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and author of the Memoir of that eminent philanthropist. This work, which is entitled "Slavery and Freedom in the British West Indies," contains an amount of evidence from official documents and the statements of the governors of the islands, of their extraordinary progress in wealth, civilization, and general prosperity, which is truly delightful. At the end of his treatise, Mr. Buxton sums up in the following paragraphs:

To men of business one fact will show the sound commercial state of the British West Indies, namely, that in the year 1857 the Colonial Bank received bills from the West Indies to the amount of more than £1,300,000, and less than £8,000 were returned. Nor was there a single failure in the West India trade during the frightful commercial crisis in the autumn of that year. And as a demonstration that the West Indies are advancing with great rapidity, we may give a few statistics, which simply show that trade and agriculture are expanding year by year. The total exports from Great Britain to the West Indies in 1857 were valued at half a million more than the average of the preceding ten years, and actually in that year exceeded her exports to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Greece, the Azores, Madeira, and Morocco all combined. The exports and imports together of the West Indies amounted, in the four years ending with 1852, to just £32,500,000; and in the four years ending with 1857 to just £37,000,000, an increase of £4,500,000 in four years. In the year 1857 the total trade to and fro of these islands was valued at £10,735,000, and the value of the sugar imported from them into the United Kingdom, in that year, was no less than £5,618,000.

These official statistics and reports absolutely demonstrate the fact that the West Indies are rapidly advancing in wealth and prosperity; nor must it be supposed that they are merely "putting money in their purse," without a corresponding advance in the general character of the people. After the great crash of 1847, indeed, when society was flung into misery and confusion, the extreme want of capital for a while had a demoralizing effect upon the laborer; and we believe that during that period there was more idleness and vice than at any other time since slavery was done away. But it is plain that an extraordinary improvement has taken place in the habits, and character, and position of the negroes in the West Indies. The contrast between the whole life of the laborer in these islands, and what it was when he was a slave, is in the highest degree striking. We have already portrayed some of the features of the old state. We have referred to the frightful tyranny to which he was liable, the severe punishments, and the waste of life; and unless the proprietor had been resident on the estate, and had taken pains to make things better, the slaves seemed to have lived in a miserable style. There were many exceptions, of course; and the *domestic* slaves were often able to make as grand a display as the freemen now; but for the most part, a hut of wattle, daubed with mud, was the home, and a coarse cap, shirt, and trousers, formed the dress of the prædial slaves; the females being arrayed in a shift and coarse baize petticoat, with a handkerchief round their heads. Their food, too (consisting in a great degree of salt fish), was mainly dependent on the caprice or ability of the owners, and was but too often far short of what they required.

The change from the old state of things is described on all hands as being most gratifying; and especially in those thousands of cases where the negroes have built altogether new villages for themselves. The cottages are either neatly thatched, or shingled with pieces of hard wood. Some are built of stone or wood; but generally are plastered also on the outside, and whitewashed. Many are ornamented with a portico in front, to screen the sitting-apartment from sun and rain; while for the admission of light and air, as well as to add to their appearance, they exhibit either shutters or jalousies, painted green, or small glass windows.

The result is that they present "a very pleasing appearance." Sir Henry Barkly was reminded by those in the hills of the villages in Switzerland, and he says they have a decided air of progressive civilization and comfort about them; and that it is quite clear, whatever may be the case elsewhere, that their inhabitants are not retrograding either in their moral or physical condition. And the same dispatch contains a report by a stipendiary magistrate, and speaks of "the thousands of well-cultivated settlements, with their tastefully-arranged cottages and gardens, which have given quite a different appearance to the country since August, 1838, and bespeak the prosperity and comfort of the occupants, and present a cheering prospect, and an encouraging hope for the future." Another magistrate reports to him that the advancement in the condition of the laboring class is unmistakably apparent.

The number of such settlements that have been established since emancipation is almost incredible. Within eight years of that event, nearly two hundred villages of the kind we have been describing had been built, and full 100,000 acres of land purchased by the negroes of Jamaica alone. A statement was read in the House of Commons in 1842, by Lord Stanley (the Colonial minister), that "it would appear wonderful how so much had been accomplished in the island, in building, planting, digging, and making fences. The number of freeholders *who have become freeholders by their accumulation and industry,* in the island of Jamaica, amounted, in 1840, to 7,340.

It is usual to fancy that the free negroes desert the estates to squat upon wild lands; but although this has occasionally been the case, by far the greater number of them have bought land, and that at a good price, for their settlements. And the negro proprietor is just as proud of his own home and freehold as any Englishman might be. The names they give them may be taken as a slight indication of their feelings: "Content my own," "Comfort Castle," "Happy Hut," "Thank God to see it," and so forth. One is mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Philippo, as being entitled "Occasion call," which the owner explained thus: "If any person have business wid me, him can come in; but if him don't want me in pottickler, me no wants him company, and him no 'casion to come."

In appearance very many of the negroes have by no means a disagreeable exterior. In fact, the clever authoress of "Antigua and the Antiguans" declares that many of the creole negroes may be termed very good-looking. High and well-formed foreheads, black and sparkling eyes, aquiline noses, and lips with only a slight pout, are not uncommon, though others of the same race are more like apes than human beings. Both men and women, she tells us, are seldom to be seen except in the most becoming attire; the dress of the women generally consisting of a printed or cotton gown, with a white handkerchief tied round their heads like a turban, and a neat straw hat trimmed with a white riband. But on high days and festivals it must be owned that the splendor of the negro array is not in the purest taste. One of the writers on the West Indies was shocked by seeing a negress who actually was adorned with pink stockings, yellow shoes, and a bonnet of green trimmed with pink, and displaying a blue rose with silver leaves! Silks, satins, muslins, and crapes are plentifully used; and even "the gentlemen" will come out on occasion in a truly glorious costume, with velvet collars, radiant waistcoats, and boots made "to stamp and creak well." No negro peasant meets another without exchanging salutations and inquiries. Age is particularly venerated, and the noisy little negroes at their sport will stop while one of their old people is passing, with, "How d'ye, ma'am?" and "How d'ye, me pienee?" is the courteous reply. Every one praises their generosity and kindness. To the miserable pauper whites who abound in the West Indies (and whose squalor and feebleness show the wisdom of Carlyle's expectations, that the West Indies will some day be saved by a population of "true splinters of the old Harz rock, heroic white men, worthy to be called old Saxons"), they are often known to act the part of guardian angels. They will work for them, feed them, clothe them, without the slightest wish or prospect of receiving remuneration.

They are rising, too, with rapidity in the social scale, and would seem to be as fit as white men for any kind of employment. Mr. Baird mentions that, in the Legislature of many of the islands, there are already sundry negro members, as well as many gentlemen of color. When Mr. Bigelow visited Jamaica, there were ten or a dozen colored men in the Legislative Assembly, which consists altogether of about fifty members; and the police force, the officers of the penitentiary, the officers of the courts of justice, as well as some of the barristers, were colored men; and we believe they have since been freely admitted to the magistracy and to political office. The old prejudice against African blood is disappearing, though under slavery it was intensely strong; so much so that the colored people were generally not allowed to be buried in the same churchyard with the whites. Nay, at St. John's, in Antigua, the church bell was not allowed to be profaned by tolling for the demise of these degraded people, and a smaller one was actually provided for that purpose!

Year by year, too, education is making way; and though in some districts it is complained that the negroes do not show eagerness to obtain schooling for their children, from others very satisfactory reports are sent; and the Governors, almost without exception, state that crime is diminishing in the islands. In fact, crime of an atrocious character is very rare indeed. The negroes are guilty of a great deal of petty pilfering, and they are also regardless of truth; but happily, drunkenness is not one of their prevailing faults; nor are they given to deeds of violence, or of deliberate villany. They are a merry, light-hearted, and kindly people; somewhat shallow and thoughtless, and with the faults that come of that character; but docile, orderly, and peaceable.

We must now conclude. We trust the reader will agree with us in thinking that the facts of the case prove, first, that if emancipation has not worked so well as it might have done had due preparation been made for freedom, this was the fault, not of the Abolitionists, but of the planters. Secondly, that the lack of laborers has been a trouble and difficulty to the planters, but has not amounted to a severe grievance, and has been mainly due to the lack of capital to pay their wages regularly. Thirdly, that the crash of 1847 and the ensuing years was not caused by emancipation; but was caused by the fall in the price of sugar, consequent on the Act of 1846, and concurrent events.

Each of these propositions is of importance. But the two main conclusions which are enforced upon us by our investigation are these; the one that slavery and monopoly were bearing the West Indies to ruin; the other, that under free labor and free trade they are rising to great wealth. Under slavery and monopoly the laboring class was miserable, and was perishing miserably. Under slavery and monopoly, the owners of the soil were reduced to the greatest pitch of distress. The state of affairs which had arisen under this old dispensation had rendered a crash some day inevitable. But when once that blow had fallen, and the old things had passed away, and the new things had come, then the inherent virtue of the principle of freedom became manifest; and it is now working out the most beneficent, the most astonishing—what a few years ago would have [illegible] results. [illegible] been justified of her children. Seeking only to do the thing that was just and noble—seeking not to please herself, but to do the will of God—England set free her slaves. It is plain that, but for her so doing, her colonies would have sunk to irretrievable destruction. It proves now that, by so doing, she has set them on the way to a prosperity and happiness unknown before; that not only are the former slaves enjoying a degree of comfort and independence almost unparalleled, but that our own trade with these islands is becoming of higher and higher value. They are yearly enriching us more and more with the wealth of their fertile soil. Instead of being the plague of statesmen, the disgrace of England, they are becoming possessions to the British Crown of incalculable value. Never did any deed of a nation show more signally that to do right is the truest prudence, than the great deed of emancipation.

IT MUST COME.

From The Tribune.

The duty of vindicating and upholding the National authority is, by the great body of loyal Americans, held paramount to any "tenderness" toward slavery. Rebels in arms against the authority of the Union, openly seeking the forcible disruption and downfall of the nation, have forfeited by rebellion the rights guaranteed them by the Federal Constitution. They cannot be permitted to strike at the heart of the Republic and at the same time demand of that Republic the fulfilment of onerous constitutional stipulations. This is not specially *our* doctrine: *The World, The Herald,* and other self-appointed expositors of American conservatism, while they denounce emancipation *to-day* as radical, pestilent, perilous, warn the slaveholding traitors that they must desist forthwith from their rebellion or lose their hold upon their negroes. The rebels having forfeited by treason their constitutional privileges, the only remaining question is one of policy, or rather timeliness. Not an American journal that even pretends to be loyal intimates that we should sacrifice the integrity of the Union to the preservation of slavery. And it is tacitly assumed on all sides that *when all other means shall have* failed, it will be expedient and proper to save the Republic by proclaiming emancipation.

Our difference with the self-styled conservatives is a matter of days rather than of measures. We hold that slavery, in the line of treason, perfidy, and outrage, has already filled up the measure of its iniquities, and should be placed under the ban of the Republic. We esteem a black Unionist above a white traitor, and think the government should do likewise. Seeing that the rebellion is only strong with the strength of slavery—that it is not only confined to the slaveholding States, but substantially to the considerably slaveholding portions of those States—that it has no vitality in Western Maryland, Western Virginia, East Tennessee, North-eastern Kentucky, Western Texas, etc., simply because there are few slaves there—we would treat the disease radically, by offering liberty to the slaves of every traitor on condition of their coming within the lines of our armies and taking an oath of fidelity to the Union. Instead of catching and returning the slaves of traitors, we should incite them to run away, and protect them wherever we had ability. And, as they are largely employed in digging trenches and raising breastworks for the rebels, we should freely employ them in lightening the labors or shielding the breasts of the defenders of the Union, even though it should be necessary to give them arms wherewith to defend themselves in so doing.

And let the London *Times* dismiss all apprehensions of a division of the North on this topic of emancipation. There is a small faction in the loyal States who sympathize with the traitors and hope for their substantial triumph: these will of course set up a howl whenever the nation takes a step forward; but they will not appal anybody. And as to the great mass of loyal, Union-loving citizens, who are resolved that the rebellion shall be put down at whatever cost, if they are not yet convinced that treason must be crushed in the egg, which is slavery, we propose to wait till they are. If they insist that the experiment of upholding the Union and slavery together be fairly tried to the end, we acquiesce, and will do whatever we can to insure its success; but if it fails, we ask them to remember that the Republic has another shot in the locker, and that the four millions of stout cultivators who have grown the corn, the cotton, the tobacco, rice and sugar, which have so far kept the rebellion alive, are ready to work far more willingly and heartily for Freedom and the Union. That they have sense enough not to throw away their lives in foolish attempts at unsupported insurrection, affords strong proof that, if proffered the protection and countenance of the national authority and arms, they would generally be shrewd enough at once to embrace the opportunity, and not abuse it.

MEETING OF COLORED CITIZENS IN NEW BEDFORD.

A meeting of the colored citizens of New Bedford who are in favor of using their influence in behalf of the government to put down the rebellion of the South, assembled in the City Hall, on the evening of the 9th inst. A very general attendance was present.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. William Henry Johnson, who read the following list of officers for the meeting, which was adopted:

President—William P. Powell.

Vice-Presidents—Wm. Bush, John Gowing, Wm. Berry, Alfred Swan, Lewis Betts, Peter Nelson, Rev. Wm. Jackson, Rev. Wm. Giles, Alfred Smith, Wm. Ferguson, Charles Carter, Lloyd H. Brooks.

Secretaries—Wm. H. Johnson, J. C. Richmond, Wm. P. Powell, Jr., John Freedom.

The President addressed the meeting as follows:

Fellow-Citizens: It is with no small degree of pleasure we give our consent to preside over the deliberations of this patriotic assembly; because we believe that it is the duty of every citizen, of whatever complexion, however humble, to throw the whole weight of his influence on the side of the government under which he lives; because, notwithstanding the invidious distinctions so prevalent all over the country against our race, "for no color of crime, but for the crime of color," we equally feel the burden of our country's trouble, in common with our other heretofore highly-favored fellow-countrymen; because the signs of the times clearly indicate that the non-slaveowning States are now reaping the bitter fruits of their base servility to the interests of the Slave Power; because, to use the language of another, "If you fasten a chain on the ankle of another, a retributive Providence will surely fasten the other end around your own neck." If the doctrine of enforced, unrequited labor, "is a holy and wholesome thought," then it is right to enslave white as well as black men. "What's sauce for the goose is most certainly sauce for the gander." If it is right to enslave black men in *South Carolina,* under the United States Constitution, then it is right to enslave white laborers in *Massachusetts,* and put them, their wives and children, on the auction-block, and sell them to the highest bidder. The Richmond *Enquirer* thus speaks on this topic:

"Until recently, the defence of slavery has labored under great difficulties, because its apologists (for they were mere apologists) took half-way ground. They confined the defence of slavery to mere negro slavery; giving up the slavery *principle,* and admitting other forms of slavery to be wrong.

"The line of defence, however, is now changed. The South maintains that slavery is right, natural, and necessary, and does not depend upon differences of complexion. The laws of the slave States sustain the holding of white men in bondage."

Ex-Senator Downes, of Louisiana, thus speaks:

"I call upon the opponents of slavery to prove that the *white laborers* of the North are as happy, as contented, or as comfortable, as the slaves of the South. In the South the slaves do not suffer one-tenth of the ills endured by the white laborers of the North. Poverty is unknown to the Southern slaves, for as soon as the master of slaves becomes too poor to provide for them, he sells them to others who can take care of them. This, sir, is one of the excellencies of the system of slavery, and this the superior condition of the slave over the Northern white laborer."

Such, fellow-citizens, are the declared purposes of the lords of the lash. We, as uncompromising Abolitionists, contend that chattel slavery is a violation of man's inherent, God-given right; that no system, custom, tradition, usage, precedent framed into law, except for crime, is a justification for the enslavement of any of God's children. The election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency is only a pretext for secession; the great contest now going on all over the country, disguise it as we may, is between slavery and freedom—"slavery sectional, freedom national." Also the disintegration of this American Union, now almost divided North and South—the one, by God's blessing, to be forever free, and the other, slave only for a season, till the negro Goths and Vandals, like the white slaves of classic Rome, wipe out the accursed sin in rivers of blood. Of course, we are all deeply sensible of the existence of [illegible] terrible war—terrible in its brutality as well as destructive in its ravages. The Revolution of 1776 was nothing in comparison with this of 1861. Then, it was only against a 3½*d.* impost duty levied on tea, and the Stamp Act, insignificant of themselves, which the colonies successfully resisted. Now, the final struggle is, that the South slave States, not satisfied with the pro-slavery guaratees of the United States Constitution, which, for eighty-two years, has secured to them their property in human flesh, now demand greater security for the preservation of negro slavery, and that the reopening of the African slave trade shall be legalized all over the American continent by unalterable law forever!

Never in the history of our unfortunate country have the Stars and Stripes been held in greater veneration by Abolitionists, even by colored men, than now. For one, I must confess that, heretofore, I have held in *utter contempt* the United States flag, because it gave us no protection, and have often exclaimed, in the language of the poet Campbell—

> "United States, your banner wears
> Two emblems—one of fame:
> Alas! the other that it bears
> Reminds us of your shame.
> The white man's liberty in types
> Stands blazoned in your stars:
> But what's the meaning of your stripes?
> They mean your negro's scars."

But now the Stars and Stripes, with the exception of fifteen slavery stars, which are rapidly approximating to the sun's centre of the world's political progress, and soon to be forever lost in the immensity of freedom's space, never looked more beautiful, more hopeful. It represents, in this fearful crisis, the express will of the free States, the total annihilation of negro slavery.

Fellow-citizens, I believe that God's own time, long wished for, has now come; slavery *must* come to an end, and that speedily. Whether by bloody massacre, exterminating the slave-owner, or by peaceful means, God only knows; but by whatever means, in God's name, let it come!

The great change now witnessed all over the free States is truly encouraging. Pro-slavery flunkeyites, old-line Whigs, Democrats, political Abolitionists, Garrisonians, Republicans, disfranchised colored Americans, and non-resistants, all vie with each other in support of the government, and look up to the Stars and Stripes as the John the Baptist of the slaves' coming redeemer, and will defend it, in whatever way their own convictions of duty may dictate, to the bitter end.

We regret the necessity which calls this extraordinary distinctive meeting. It should not be so. It is no fault of ours that we are not this day *mixed* "in this imminent deadly breach." It is no fault of ours that we are not standing shoulder to shoulder in battle array with the men of the North, "to put down the rebellion of the South." It is no fault of ours that we are standing still, with folded arms, whilst government is straining every nerve in the maintenance of its legitimate constitutional authority. We stand now on the same "broad ground of our common humanity," where our fathers stood in 1776 and 1812, and are ready and willing to follow their illustrious patriotic example. But why should government stand halting between two opinions? Why hesitate, and stoop to pander to the sickly sentimentalities of "conscience and the Constitution"? If custom makes law, then the past history of the country's struggles fully justifies government calling into active service every muscle, without regard to the texture of the hair which adorns the head, or the color of the cuticle which covers the body. We are not begging this question; neither do we mean to rummage among the musty pages of history to find a precedent upon which to hang a doubt. Neither do we care for legal or illegal technicalities, or constitutional prohibitions; these all sink into insignificance as compared to the fearful exigencies into which the country is now plunged.

There is a law—a higher law, if you please, a law as old as the Bible—viz.: *Inter arma silent leges:* "In time of war there is no law." This law should more particularly be now enforced to the very letter, because the nation is at war with itself, to put down high treason, backed up by 300,000 slave-owning rebels, against 27,700,000 freemen, and the constituted authorities. In time of war there is no law, only the law of superior force. It is only when the rebels are whipped into submission and sue for peace, that their "sober second thought" will be made to obey the powers that be, ordained in form of physical force. Hence we advocate this law of necessity, because it obviates the slow process of doubtful legislation. Proclaim this law, and 50,000 able-bodied men of our race will not wait to be asked to take up arms to defend the liberties of the country. Proclaim this law of liberty, and four million of our race will rise up as from the sleep of death, and leap into the front ranks of freemen. Proclaim this law of strength, and our country will not present the shameful spectacle to the jeering gaze of the world, as being too weak to defend herself without foreign aid. Proclaim this law of retaliation, and we shall have given the rebels in exchange "a Roland for an Oliver." Proclaim this law of righteousness, and this afflicted, but, we trust, repentant nation, will then have vindicated the cause of truth, justice, and liberty.

Mr. Powell's remarks were received with considerable applause.

The Chairman read the following resolutions:

Whereas, the United States government are now at war to put down the Southern slave-owners' rebellion; and, whereas, in several engagements with the rebels, the Federal troops have been out-numbered, out-generaled, and defeated; and, whereas, notwithstanding the existence of negro slavery in the rebel States, which they are at war with the general government to perpetuate, yet the rebels do not scruple to employ slaves, free negroes and Indians to fight against the Federal Union, thereby abandoning the dangerous doctrine of teaching negroes the art of military defence; and, whereas, the militia laws of Massachusetts still retain the invidious distinction which precludes free colored citizens from bearing arms in their country's defence, contrary to the Constitution of the United States; therefore,

Resolved, That speaking for ourselves as citizens of Massachusetts, anticipating that this law will be repealed at the next session of the Legislature, we hereby tender our services for the second time to the Governor of this State.

Resolved, That a committee of five ladies and five gentlemen be appointed to circulate petitions, asking the next Legislature to strike the word "white" from off the statute laws of the Commonwealth.

Resolved, That this meeting recommend the formation of a military company.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in *The Evening Standard, Mercury, Liberator,* National Anti-Slavery Standard, and *The American Baptist Journal.*

Hon. Rodney French was the first speaker, who urged the colored people to commence drilling, for he thought that their services would very soon be required by the government.

Other speeches were made by Wm. H. Johnson, Rev. Mr. Jackson, Rev. Mr. Jones, Wm. Berry, and his Honor Mayor Taber, after which the resolutions were adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

GRAND SPLIT IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

Editorial Correspondence of The Philadelphia Press.

Washington, Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1861.

The quarrel between Wise and Floyd is not the only smoke that conceals the boiling and tempestuous volcano now working in the heart of the Southern Confederacy. You will soon see many more signs of disagreements and divisions. There are already two great parties in the seceded States—one composed of violent and proscriptive men like Davis of Mississippi, Mason, Wise and Pryor of Virginia, Cobb of Georgia, Slidell of Louisiana, Reagan and McCulloch of Texas, and Zollicoffer of Tennessee—and the other of politicians like Gov. Brown of Georgia, Sommers of Virginia, Magoffin and Powell of Kentucky, Geo. W. Jones of Tennessee, Sebastian of Arkansas, Soulé and Bouligny of Louisiana, who are supposed to be in favor of a peaceable adjustment, and are free in the expression of their opinion that the war ought never to have taken place. Only a few weeks ago the Richmond *Examiner* denounced Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens as "the petted idol and hope of every corrupt spoiler and jobber in the South." Davis does not conceal his contempt for the camp-followers who were forced to run from the free States to Richmond, and are now there, either starving or poor, or utterly dependent upon such contracts as they may be able to extort from him. Although there is really no money in the treasury of the traitors—their whole currency being depreciated paper, these wretched emissaries, having no other resort, beg and plead for employment of some kind. Of course, the expenses of the concern are enormous. We complain of ours; but it is a proud consolation to feel that our people are comparatively rich and comfortable, and that we can spare much out of our substance to our representatives and servants at Washington. If the Northern men who are anxious to terrify the masses of the loyal States, by exaggerating the [illegible] the government in the war, would [illegible] they would point out the difference between our wide-spread comfort, and happiness, and wealth, and the dissensions, tatters and rags, and want of food and money, of the secessionists.

The poetry of the revolution is passing away. The rich planters, so willing to contribute to the rebel leaders, are beginning to appreciate the folly of the whole experiment; and the politicians who shouted so loudly after Manassas, look gloomily upon the coming winter, and wait in fear for intelligence from the Gulf and the mouth of the Mississippi. It is said that Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, whose fortune has been set down at a fabulous figure, denounces the heads of the army and the managers of the Provisional Government with much severity, and such men as Gov. Manning of South Carolina, Duncan of Alabama, the rich creoles of New Orleans, and the rice, cotton and sugar kings groan with bitter agony under the burdens heaped upon them.

I saw a Southern man yesterday, who predicts if McClellan defeats Beauregard, the whole traitors' conspiracy will fall like a card castle, and that thousands now held, as it were, in chains, and forced to sing hosannas to men and to measures they despise, will break into loud and irresistible complaints. Nothing is more confirmatory of these general views than the tone of such of the secession papers as I have been enabled to glance over. Although filled with brutal articles against "the Lincoln army" and "the Yankees," it is a common thing to see in the columns of the Charleston *Mercury,* the New Orleans *Picayune,* and the Montgomery *Advertiser,* the most malignant sneers at the want of tact, system and integrity in the self-constituted Administration of the Confederacy. The break-up in the postal system is felt almost as keenly as the want of money and of the necessaries of life—including clothing, sugar, coffee, etc.

All the sound banks in the South are terror-stricken, not knowing the hour when the bandits will plunder them, as they plundered the Federal Treasury; and it is shrewdly surmised that these institutions would much rather see Twiggs scourged out of New Orleans, and the Federal army enter it with colors flying, than to suffer as they do. They feel that their money is much safer in the vaults of the Federal Treasury than in the hands of reckless robbers like McCulloch and Floyd, and they are not without hope that if they can hold on to their specie until it is taken from them by the Federal troops, it may, in some moment of magnanimity, be restored to them, when the hour of peace and submission has arrived. It must be a heart-breaking task for Jefferson Davis to preside over such a government. Whatever may be said of him, he has, heretofore, borne an honest reputation. While a member of the Cabinet he was known for his contempt of jobbers, and his horror of extravagance. Living, as he does, in the very centre of the sepulchre, and seeing, equally, its weakness and its corruption, I do not wonder that his health gives way, nor that he is the victim of constant self-reproaches.

A very bitter feeling exists against what is called the timidity of England and France, in regard to the recognition of the Confederacy. Here is another element of rebel weakness. This speedy recognition was the fondest dream of Davis and Toombs, and was held out as a glad promise to their followers. That miserable toady, Dudley Mann, assured them that it could be easily accomplished, and yet he has been vegetating in London and Paris for months, and now only writes to show how studiously he is being snubbed by the ministers of Napoleon and Victoria. Even J. B. Debow, the dislocated editor of the *Review* that bore his name, who was supplying timber for the secession conflagration, while taking the pay of the Federal government, begins to despair of the whole concern.

HOW TO COLLECT SOUTHERN DEBTS.

Great exultation has been long felt and shown by the rebels over their determination to pay none of their debts to Northern creditors. They have complimented each other on the patriotism of this course, and have with keen satisfaction sold their stolen goods at blockade prices, regretting only that they had not made heavier bills when they had the confidence of the "damned Yankee traders." On the other hand, the Northern merchants have long since resigned all hope of ever receiving a dollar toward the payment of their dues from the South, and have in weariness and disgust closed the ledger on whose pages is inscribed the unsatisfactory record. A letter which we this morning publish from Alexandria, however, is promising. Through the healthful influence of the advancing national arms, Southern repudiators may yet be compelled to pay their debts. The "dead horses" of the slave States may revive, and again may speculation show itself in their fixed and stony eyes. Not by the voluntary honesty of the debtors will this be done, though; a court of summary proceeding and of efficient power will be the instrumentality used. The case reported by our Alexandria correspondent was simple enough: Southern debtors there doing business, refused to pay a merchant of New York, then ran away, leaving their work to be done by another, and betook themselves further South, where they joined the rebel army. They left behind them some of the goods they bought on a long credit, as well as other property. A suit was brought against them in the Provost Court, and in less than an hour the evidence was put in, the arguments made, and the decision announced. The latter was, that all the property of the absconding debtors should be taken possession of by the Court, held for five days to allow their friends, if such persons there were in existence, to redeem the goods, and that then, the claims being still unpaid, the property should be sold for that purpose. There are many things to commend this rapid form of proceeding to the hearts of the Northern creditors. It is a good thing to have a court of original and exclusive jurisdiction following the advancing army and settling the estates of defeated rebels. Let the precedent stand firmly and be sharply followed.—*Tribune.*

ACTION OF RELIGIOUS BODIES.

CONGREGATIONAL GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

[This body, at its recent meeting, adopted the following among other resolutions:]

Whereas, The immediate occasion of this rebellion and its fomenting spirit was the determination of leaders to secure and perpetuate the system of slavery; and whereas, there can be no guarantee of peace and prosperity in the Union while slavery exists; therefore

Resolved, That we rejoice in every act and declaration of the government that brings freedom to any of the enslaved, and earnestly hope for some definite and reliable measure for the abolition of slavery as the conclusion of this great conflict for the support of the government and the Union.

Whereas, In His good providence God has opened the way for the emancipation of the enslaved in this land, either by the instructions of the government to military commanders to enfranchise all slaves within their several districts, or by general proclamation of the President, or by act of Congress under the state of war; therefore,

Resolved, That it is our duty, as Christian patriots, in all proper ways to urge this measure upon the attention of the government, and to pray for its consummation, lest the condemnation of those who knew their duty to the poor and oppressed, and did it not, should be visited upon the nation.

CONGREGATIONALISTS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

[The Triennial Convention of Congregational Churches in the North-west, at its recent meeting in Chicago, embodied its sentiments in relation to the present war in the following preamble and resolutions:]

As lovers of our country and of the cause and kingdom of Christ, it is with the deepest sadness that we look upon the present state of this nation, once united and prosperous, now distracted and torn asunder by civil war—a war which we cannot but regard as groundless—wicked in its origin, and of which the whole fearful responsibilities rest, and ever will rest, on those who, without provocation or any just cause, have conspired to overthrow the government and subvert the Constitution under which we live. If we look about us for the source of the evils which now afflict us, we can find it only in the system of American slavery. Whatever other causes may have contributed to this result, they sink into comparative insignificance beside this prime source and prolific fountain of all our woes. It is this which has raised the standard of revolt; it is this which has armed brother against brother and state against state; it is this which has crippled our industry, wasted our resources, devastated our towns and cities, dishonored our flag, made desolate our homes, and brought such wide-spread confusion and disaster upon the nation. If we seek a remedy for utter subversion of [illegible] producing cause. Nothing short of this can or will reach the difficulty. The present wicked rebellion is purely a rebellion of the slaveholding portion against the rule of the majority, and against the principles which lie at the foundation of all purely democratic institutions. It can be brought to an end only by earnest and well-directed blows at that which is the real root of the evil. It is no time for compromises or sedatives. The black and bloody hand of African servitude is upon the throat of this nation, and we must break that arm or it will strangle us. There can be no compromise with this gigantic wrong. There can be no peace, no division of territory, no safe and permanent adjustment of any kind while this system continues. We are one nation, one territory, and we ought and shall remain one people, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico—one from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Such are our profound convictions, our deliberate opinions; and entertaining these sentiments, we cannot, as a convention of pastors and delegates representing the Congregational Churches of the several North-western States, consent to disperse without first bearing our united testimony to the truths which we have uttered, and which we more definitely express in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the fearful strife in which our government is now engaged with the armed traitors who have risen up against it, involving as it does the defense of all that is dear to us as citizens and patriots, and the principles that underlie all free institutions, is in our view a just and righteous war; that we are bound by every interest of Christian patriotism and civilization to prosecute this contest with vigor, and as speedily as possible bring it to a triumphant conclusion; and that in the efficient prosecution of this war the government has our profoundest sympathy, our most cordial support, and our most earnest prayers.

Resolved, That the present rebellion is in our view the direct and legitimate result of the system of American slavery, which is at once the radical cause and the main strength of the whole evil; and that consequently the conflict can never be brought to a successful end till that system shall also for ever terminate.

Resolved, That we cannot but view in the present war the hand of Providence, that divine arbiter and ruler of nations, opening the way for the termination of this accursed system, this gigantic wrong; and we pray God that the heart of this great people and of this government may be brought to the fixed determination that that which has brought this war upon us shall itself be brought to a perpetual end, and that wherever our armies go and our flag waves, under the whole heavens, there shall also go freedom and universal emancipation.

THE REACTION IN THE BORDER STATES AGAINST SLAVERY.

Our very reliable Missouri correspondent writes to us that a notable feature of the present war in Missouri is the gradual emancipation of the people from the thraldom of slavery. The peculiar institution is fast losing its sanctity, and the advocates of free labor are less hated and more trusted. One of our contemporaries has a letter from Kentucky, declaring that in that State "the opinion is fast taking hold of the public mind that this wicked and unnatural rebellion grew out of the reckless, and fiendish, and incendiary spirit which slavery fosters." These outgivings are very significant. They indicate the early stage of the reaction which must be taken as inevitable, unless secession possesses some secret of changing the laws of the human mind or the principles of Christian civilization. The secession leaders in Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, have exhibited a frenzied wickedness—both in the civil means employed to take those States out of the Union, and in their practical conduct of the war—that however potent it might be for its immediate purpose, could not but disaffect and, sooner or later, repel every man with the least remnant of moral feeling. Even the strongest of causes—Christianity itself—cannot stand the shock of unrighteous instrumentalities. Infidelity follows closely upon the heels of rampant priestcraft and persecution. How then can it be expected that faith in an institution like slavery can stand unchanged in the face of the abominations now committed in its name? The reign of terror in France constrained men in the end to crush the very liberty for whose sake it was invoked. If a reign of terror drives men to sacrifice even liberty, how can slavery abide it and not suffer? Unbounded license is no more possible with the one than with the other. It may successfully run riot for a time, but the better feelings of humanity, as well as its material interests, are sure to assert themselves at last.

It will be idle for the sticklers for slavery to pretend that the institution is not responsible for these outrages. The original treason was concocted by the

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

most notorious champions of slavery, was distinctly avowed to be made in its interests, has sought to rally none but slaveholding States to its furtherance, and has not a single voluntary supporter who does not find his first impulse in his devotion to slavery. Without slavery, the rebellion would have never been born; and, even if born, it never could have acquired such depravity of spirit, never could have been schooled to such recklessness of the obligations which men ordinarily recognize, even when bent on revolution. It is not possible for any who truly abhor this rebellion to be complacent toward slavery—least of all possible for those who have suffered from it so terribly as the people of the border States. To the reflecting, these outrages upon themselves bring home the evil influences and workings of the institution in a way unthought of before; and even with the unreflecting, the natural indignation can hardly miss its proper object. They will reckon not only with the treason, but with that from which it sprang.—*The World.*

THE FIRST BLACK CITIZEN OF THE DIS-UNITED STATES.

From The [London] Anti-Slavery Reporter.

The decision of Judge Taney, in the case of Dred Scott, to the effect that no colored man possesses rights which the law is bound to respect, has been practically set aside by the Washington Cabinet, by the granting of a passport to the Rev. H. H. Garnet, so well known to many of our friends. Some doubt arose whether his complexion should not be set down as "dark." But this mode of evading the question was set aside at once by the retort, "Many men are of a dark complexion who are not black." "Black be it then," was the answer: "the point must be tested, so better do it at once," and color, this time, took its proper position. Although this is not the first passport which has been granted to a person of African descent, it is the first which has been issued to one of the race, since the infamous decision of Judge Taney; whose name, by the way, and ludicrously enough, is pronounced "Tawny." Thus our friends throughout the country may welcome the Rev. H. H. Garnet as the first black citizen of the United States.

The document, being a curiosity of its kind, we append it:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To all to whom these Presents shall come greeting.

No. 2553.

I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit safely and freely to pass Henry H. Garnet, a citizen of the United States, and in case of need to give him all lawful aid and protection.

(*Seal.*) Given under my hand, and the impression of the Seal of the Department of State, at the City of Washington the 26th day of August, A. D. 1861, in the 86th year of the Independence of these United States.

William H. Seward.

DESCRIPTION.

Age, 45 years.
Stature, 5 feet 11 inches, English.
Forehead, high.
Eyes, black.
Nose, broad.
Mouth, medium.
Chin, round.
Hair, black.
Complexion, black.
Face, long.

Signature of the bearer,
Henry H. Garnet,
New York.

MR. BEECHER ON FREMONT AND CONTRABANDS.

On Sabbath morning the following remarks of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher were made, not in the sermon, but upon giving out a notice of meetings of ladies in the congregation, for the purpose of providing hospital stores for our armies, and particularly with reference to furnishing stores for the hospitals of St. Louis.

"The poor West seems destined to neglect. We remember the fate of Kansas, when the cause of liberty was imperilled there. And now, in turn, the same cause hangs in suspense in Missouri. When right and justice are to be established, it would almost seem as if that were a reason for our government to disown them. And I cannot but express my solemn conviction that both our government, and in a yet greater degree the community, have done great injustice to the cause in Missouri, in the treatment which has been bestowed upon that noble man, Gen. Fremont. I have narrowly watched the facts in the case; and it is my settled judgment that, partly from private ambition, partly from political reasons, and partly from calculating aspirations of rivals, the most unjust influences have been permitted to issue against this heroic man. My faith in his administrative ability is not a whit less than in 1856. For aught that we can see he is second in military capacity to none of the able Generals that are now serving their country. It has wisely been thought not fit for public journals to criticize the administration of our Generals, or the plans of the Administration, in advance nor until the whole results have been disclosed. It is impossible for men remote from the field, ignorant of the mingled political and military reasons that shape conduct, ignorant of the trials and difficulties of the limitations and restraints of armies, to judge correctly, or criticize justly. But why is this moderation observed toward Gen. McClellan, and toward Gen. Anderson, in Kentucky, and his successors, but vociferously violated in the single instance of Gen Fremont? For the army of the Potomac no stint is given to means and implements. Missouri if not neglected is yet tardily supplied with a penurious hand. Every step is made matter of many-voiced criticism in a spirit that shows that there is a foregone judgment, and that men are anxious to find reasons for purposes which they have already formed. Either let Gen. Fremont alone to work out the proper results of his campaign, or, if it is proper to subject him at each step, to such abusive investigation and report, let the same liberty be indulged in the case of our other Generals. Not one word of the army of the Potomac, and its noble leader: not one word of the army of Western Virginia, and its indefatigable and cautious General; not one word of the management of affairs in Kentucky, under the administration of the noble Anderson, who has laid his health upon the altar of fidelity to his country; but against Fremont incessant, insidious, and unreasonable complaint. It is a shame; and there ought to be an indignation in the community that shall bring this trifling with the public interests committed to this man's hands to an end. His field is larger than that of any other army. His means are less. He has had neither the sympathy nor the help that he had a right to expect. And if this campaign shall fail in his hands, it is my solemn conviction that the public interests will have been sacrificed for the sake of putting out of the way a dangerous rival."

In the evening, prefacing a collection for the American Missionary Association, which was to be specifically employed for the religious and secular instruction of the 1,800 emancipated slaves in and around Fortress Monroe, Mr. Beecher said:

"Gen. Butler called them 'contrabands,' and all people seemed relieved, and snapped at the expression as if it was a very felicitous thing. My friends it is one of the great disadvantages of the position in which the North are placed that they dare not say *Freemen* and *Liberty* in this conflict. The South have this particular advantage; that they know that they are fighting for slavery, and say so. They are not complicated in that regard. Their issue is simple; and, though selfish and monstrous, they have the advantage which comes from simplicity and from manly frankness. The North are in a position in which they do not dare to say that they are fighting for liberty. We *are.* We are not fighting directly for emancipation; but we are fighting for that Constitution and for those institutions which we believe will inevitably bring liberty, in the process of time. I am well aware of the embarrassments in which government is placed. I would not say a word, nor exert an influence, to complicate matters, or make their fearful responsibility more onerous. I would lighten their hands by every just, generous sentiment, and every charitable construction; but I must be allowed, and I think is proper and right to say that it is not inconsistent with the soundest policy, and with the truest construction of duty, for the President, for the members of his Cabinet, and for the Generals of the army, to say that they shall give every constitutional advantage in this struggle to liberty, and that the animus with which they go forth is the maintenance of constitutional laws, because they embody essentially the spirit of liberty. Every attempt to dodge, and equivocate, and get around this question, every attempt to be sensitive in favor of slavery, and to make allowances in that direction, is very bad policy, to say nothing about justice and higher considerations. And we never shall carry this conflict victoriously through until men cease to have the sacred words of liberty stick in their throat, and make long circuits and periphrases when they come to that question; and I thank God that there is one man who dares to speak out upon it. That man, with whose name the cause of liberty was so intimately associated in the campaign of 1856, seems destined still to be identified with the progress of that sacred cause. He alone, of all our Generals, seems to have had that far-seeing wisdom which springs from the very spirit and love of liberty. How simple and clear are his utterances. He alone dares to call slaves by their own odious name—slaves—a word which the Constitution would not utter, and which men sensitive of shame do not love to speak. He alone has declared that the slaves of men found in arms against their country shall become freemen. Mark it: Not, with verbal dexterity, "contrabands"; not men without name, anomalous, nondescript; but, as if inspired from on high with the very spirit of religion, and acting according to its most undoubted inspirations, Fremont has declared that slaves shall become free men. The heart and conscience of the whole North responded to that touch. Therefore, Fremont will never be forgiven."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

THE SITUATION.

The war is a good schoolmaster. It is teaching the Northern people wholesome lessons, whether they will learn them or not. And, thus far, certainly, the schoolmaster has not incurred the censure of Solomon by sparing the rod. And, as things look just now, fresh applications of the scourge may be soon expected. What with the naval success, be the same less or more, of Greytown Hollins at the mouth of the Mississippi, the virtual blockade of the Potomac by the rebels, the possession by them of all Missouri and Kentucky on which the Federal troops do not actually stand, the rebellion has positively, at this moment, the best of it, and was never more likely to carry its points than now. We know that this is not the history of the day, as read in the columns of the daily papers; but it seems to us to be the precise record, as it is written on the face of the country. That the enemy is not contemptible in the eyes of Gen. McClellan—the man who must know its condition better than any one this side Manassas—is proved by the vast preparations he has demanded, and the deliberation he uses in making active use of them. If the Confederate forces were as discontented, unprovided, disorganized as we are told by the newspapers that they are, he surely would not have waited all this time before attacking and dispersing them. We do not blame him for his caution. We believe that it is the simplest wisdom, and all that has saved us from another Bull Run and the occupation of the White House by Mr. Davis. But it is not a proof of the weakness of the enemy.

It is clear that the enemy does not intend to fight, excepting with the choice of position. Gen. McClellan must make the attack at that much disadvantage at any rate, and then the issue will depend upon which party can bring the heaviest battalions—on whose side, Bonaparte used to say, God always fights—to bear on the laboring point of the day. To assume that this must of necessity and inevitably be ourselves, is to speak in the spirit of delusion which has prompted almost all our disasters. Whether the North or the South have the more men under arms, the South has always thus far fulfilled this condition of generalship, and outnumbered our troops at the precise point where the battle was joined. May not this thing happen again? We shall soon know—for the impassible condition of the Virginia roads in a month or six weeks, must prevent a long delay, if any action is to be had. It is very likely that the best policy and wisest strategy will be to withhold the wager of battle this season—for a defeat would be more fatal to us than to the enemy. He could follow up his success at once and strike a deadly advance through a hostile country, well adapted to guerilla warfare, and over roads which will soon be impracticable for army waggons and artillery. We shall not, therefore, be of the number of those who will heap blame on the head of the Commanding General, should he avoid an action this winter, being willing to trust in his information and in his skill. Nor do we yet incline to the opinion of those earnest and eager men, whose impatience sees in the delays of the campaign a deliberate scheme of the President and the Secretary of State to weary out both parties without bloodshed, and make them willing to agree upon a compromise, which should patch the Union up again as good as new. Admitting the will of those potential gentlemen to do this to be ever so good, which we neither affirm nor deny, we think they are not so devoid of common sense and ordinary intelligence as not to know that the North has not put itself forth as it has for the purpose of surrendering at discretion. For, of course, the enemy would, and could, accept no terms that would not make them permanently masters of the country and its destinies. But though we repose this degree of confidence in the military and civil authorities having charge of the management of this war, it does not at all affect our belief in the strength of the enemy which has compelled this Fabian strategy.

We do not think that the North fully appreciates, as yet, the difference in the spirit of men's minds on the two sides. And yet in this, we conceive, is to be seen the cause of the successes of the enemy and our own disasters. The South, as a body—men, women and children—hate us of the North with a perfect hatred, and despise us with an utter contempt. The cause of this is two-fold. First, it arises from our own fault, in always having done its bidding, cowed by its bullying and blustering, down to the sixth of last November. Secondly, this is the natural state of mind of semi-barbarians towards their civilized neighbors. Savages always suspect, hate and despise at the same time the civilized nation that is nearest to them. That the slave-country is inhabited by a race of semi-savages, with a very small proportion of educated and civilized leaders, scarcely above the Red Indians or the Lamoiedes in intelligence or the appliances of civilized life, no one can doubt that has travelled through it, either in person or by the vicarious sufferings of Mr. Olmsted. Whatever the cause, there can be no doubt that the enemy heartily detests and cordially despises us. Now, these are not Christian feelings, it must be admitted, but they are admirable ones for fighting-men. We, on the contrary, as a body, have no animosity whatever against them, and think them a little better than we are ourselves. We fear that Mr. Winthrop spoke the sense of a numerous mealy-mouthed generation when he called the rebels "our misguided Southern brethren"! Stray sheep, erring children, who were betrayed by their feelings into robbing their father's house, and trying to set it on fire, and to cut the throats of the family, because there was a probability of their not ruling the roost forever! The regiments that we send out have no more angry passion towards the enemy than a policeman has to a dangerous burglar or highwayman he is sent to arrest. But with this special difference, that the policeman has not been bred up to regard the culprit he pursues as rather a better man than he is himself—a feeling which is entertained, if not avowed, by almost every soldier we enlist. Now, between two antagonists, in these opposite frames of mind, can there be any question as to which has the best chance of victory?

As to the Southern commissariat and material for armies, we have more than once spoken our opinion. We believe that the capacity of the Southern States is most grossly undervalued by our public writers and speakers, in both these particulars. As to men, there can be no limit to the supply, excepting that of arms and equipments, and the supply of these has not seemed to have run short yet. There is no country in the world in which there is so large a proportional population fit to be formed into food for powder. To the great mass of white trash enlistment is not only promotion, but it is comfort and luxury, provided there be regular rations and decent raiment provided them. It is what they never had before. And, in the last resort, the enemy can command the services of the negroes, if we be not beforehand with them. The boon of freedom would secure to Mr. Davis as stalwart an army as ever Toussaint had. The supply of men is absolutely illimitable. Provisions, of course, must be exhaustless in that fertile region. And as to the luxuries of life, the greater part of the common soldiers never knew them, and the others must and will do without them. Shoes have been thought their weakest point; but the organ of the Shoe and Leather Dealers tells us that within a limited time before hostilities began, enough were sent South to supply four hundred thousand men with three pairs each for a twelvemonth! It is not to be supposed they are worse off for clothes and clothing materials, especially as the blockade seems to be so arranged and officered—chiefly by Southern men—as to offer only the excitement of risk, with small actual danger, to the adventurous barks which make a mock of it. We believe, therefore, that the hopes with which the country is amused, of a speedy victory over a feeble enemy, are fallacious and illusory. We must make up our minds to a long war, if the war itself do not educate us up to the spirit and the measures necessary to make it brief. It may teach us, by bitter and bloody lessons, that we must be as fully in earnest as the enemy, if we would subdue him, and as ready to call all allies to our help as he is. The mischievous influence of the border State interest, which has restored and promoted such men as Emory, which has superseded Com. Stringham by a Maryland slaveholder as chief of the blockade, and crippled, if not cashiered, Fremont, may call for serious calamities to open the eyes of the government to its fatal tendencies. Unless the war teaches us thus much, and also that we can have no permanent hold on the Southern country, except by leaving no slave behind us as our armies advance into it, and no peace that is not based on emancipation, it will have failed in its vocation, and the sooner we recognize the independence of the Confederate States, the better for all on all sides.

A LITTLE BIT OF GOSSIP.

Public mention of a private entertainment is sometimes not improper, and we drop a line here for the eyes of the personal friends of the pioneer of the anti-slavery cause, just to say that on his recent passage through New York he was honored at a friend's house with a social reception of ladies and gentlemen, who constituted, on their coming together, one of the most intellectual and brilliant evening parties held in this city this fall. Among the guests were many persons of both sexes widely known in literature, many distinguished members of the learned professions, and many of the staunch early friends of the cause, who are now in venerable years. Mr. Garrison appeared in greatly improved health, full of a fine animation, exhibiting (as everywhere) his characteristic mirthfulness and seriousness.

A pleasant incident gave quite a parliamentary turn to a portion of the entertainment. Mr. Oliver Johnson showed to the company the first bound volume of *The Liberator*, for the year 1831—then a little paper not bigger than a pane of glass in a parlor window—also reading Harrison Gray Otis's contemptuous description of the garret where it was edited and printed, and the beautiful poem which James Russell Lowell wrote upon that as a text. Of course, Mr. Garrison was not permitted, thereupon, to go clear of a speech, and a happy speech he made—full of good feeling, full of high hopes, full of trust in God. The Rev. Dr. Cheever immediately followed in a somewhat similar strain, paying a heartfelt tribute of respect and gratitude to Mr. Garrison for his life-long devotion to the cause. Horace Greeley, who was also asked for, put into ten or fifteen minutes so much humor, sense, satire, logic, and fact, all in his terse and unmistakable style, that everybody clapped hands in irresistible applause. The ... by some adroit wit in reconquering his seat, after a very few words, and before the company were honestly willing to yield it back to him. Then came Theodore Tilton, who spoke in a vein of humorous story-telling, but less in jest than in earnest.

Other speeches probably would have followed, but the sudden opening of two great doors disclosed a supper-table, whereon was promise of more solid substance to take the place of

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

It is safe to say that the appetites were like the speeches, for both were good, but it would hardly be dignified to mention how late these good friends sat into the night, sipping at their cups of tea and at the general flow of talk. It should be said, however, that all the conversation, like all the addresses, breathed a common spirit of love for freedom, whose good cause, though standing imperilled in these evil days, is now daily rallied afresh by many champions—grown lately numerous since the early days when there was but one. That one is still in hale and vigorous life, and may he not grow old until Freedom has won her final victory in the land!

A PLEA FOR EMANCIPATION.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

An able, earnest discourse, pitched upon the keynote of universal emancipation, was preached here last evening in the Division Street Church (Rev. A. D. Mayo's), by the Rev. Mr. Cutting, of Poughkeepsie. He enunciated with great clearness and force the doctrine of "First pure—then peaceable." We were not born to be solicitous about consequences, but rather to scrupulously discharge individual duty. The overshadowing duty of this hour was in earnest effort—individual and associated—to secure universal emancipation in the progress of the revolution now going on. It alone would secure an abiding and permanent peace. But I do not write to give you an analysis of the discourse—rather to chronicle the fact of its having been preached. Now, as heretofore, the conscientious voices pleading intelligently and with direct purpose, the cause of the slave, are indeed very few—and those few, yet, have severe opposition to encounter. Many clergymen find it easy, and, indeed necessary, to preach "War for the Union"; but there are far too few heroic Cheevers to preach emancipation, in advance of the Sewardized Administration at Washington.

A. M. P.

Anti-Slavery Politics.—No other man, probably, in this country, has done so much as Gerrit Smith to promote the organization of a political party on anti-slavery grounds, and to lead Abolitionists to exercise the elective franchise for the avowed purpose of abolishing slavery. Last year, however, leading men in the Radical Abolition party, taking counsel of their bigotry, came to the conclusion that Mr. Smith's theological views made him unworthy of their support. This statement will enable our readers to understand more clearly the feelings which dictated the following letter:

Peterboro', Oct. 8, 1861.

Mr. W. W. Chapman, Oswego Co., *Chairman of State Abolition Committee:*

My Dear Sir: Election is again approaching, and you and others are asking me to lead in the work of bringing the Abolitionists to the polls. Whilst confessing my gratitude for those expressions of continued confidence, I must, nevertheless, say that, if it was ever proper to regard me as one of the leaders in the Voting Abolition Party, it is certainly no longer so.

The lessons which were read to me by Abolitionists a year ago, I can neither mistake nor forget. In one State and another, Nominating Conventions could not bear with me because of the unsoundness of my religion. In Pennsylvania, this unsoundness was so abhorrent that a good man disdained to have his name on the same ticket with mine. In some States, the complaint was not only of the unsoundness of my religion, but the unsoundness of my abolitionism also.

Surely, surely, if I have any remaining modesty, such facts as these must make me shrink from putting myself forward, or from allowing others to put me forward, among voting Abolitionists.

My religion and my abolitionism must abide their time! Your friend,

Gerrit Smith.

Miss Mattie Griffith's address is 47 Seventh Avenue, not 49, as stated last week. We regret to learn that our error has led some of her friends astray.

SHALL SLAVERY OR THE COUNTRY BE DESTROYED?

A SERMON,

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

And Pharaoh's servants said unto him, How long shall this man be a snare unto us? Let the men go, that they may serve the Lord their God. Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?—Exodus x.

Is this a history of four thousand years ago, or has some accomplished forger taken a page from our records, and erased the name and date of the United States of America in the year of our Lord 1861, and put Pharaoh's title and Egypt's name in their stead? Really we have to rub our eyes to see whether we are awake, whether it is, in fact, a chapter in the Bible, or the last chapter in the history of our own rebellion, that we are reading. One thing is certain, that all these things were written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world have come, and that, as face answereth to face in water, and the heart of man to man in human nature, so will the Word of God, that wondrous divine revelation for all ages, present to every generation and nation in turn, somewhere, its own likeness, the indictment of sin, the warning of fate, the call to repentance, the offer of salvation, and the appointed time.

Let us take a survey of this picture, and mark our own features in it; and oh that God might give us grace to lay to heart the example and the consequences of the first opportunity of slave emancipation offered to a nation for its own salvation, and refused; grace to take the warning, consider the result, and profit by it. It is to be feared that we are in the midst of the rapids, and that even now wisdom and regret may come too late for an availing repentance, because the next battle may shoot us over the falls. But if our case be so critical, then surely we ought solemnly to ponder it, and earnestly to ask what God would have us to do.

The lessons in this divine Egyptian record are wonderful. The first that would strike some minds is that of the bold, outspoken freedom of this people in uttering their opinions and rebukes when they saw their country in danger of being ruined by its governors.

It was a remarkable degree of freedom in the servants of an absolute monarch, that they could thus remonstrate, and tell the government its mistake, and urge upon the king his duty. It does not appear that they were accused of being traitors, or rebels, or in league with rebels, because they presumed to tell their own monarch that he was ruining the country, by pursuing the policy of his slaveholding advisers. It does not appear, moreover, that they were very mealy-mouthed, or in terror of Pharaoh's dungeons, or of the Fort Lafayette of those times. They spoke out boldly, energetically, as they had a right to do, as it was their duty to do, when the policy of the government was bringing ruin on the country, and their own lives, property, households, were being desolated or destroyed by the obstinacy of the monarch. They proved themselves in this case true patriots, by not blindly obeying the dictates of a selfish domineering party, that surrounded Pharaoh and prevented the voice of the people from being heard by him, requiring a silent, unreasoning, unrepining submission, when wicked, ambitious counsellors and princes were hurrying both government and people to their ruin under the wrath of God. The matter had gone beyond endurance, and they would speak out, and the manner in which they spoke might well be taken for an example in any like extremity at the present day. These old monarchical Egyptian idolaters might teach republican citizens and Christians, aye, and Christian ministers, too, a lesson as to the style of remonstrance and petition proper to be adopted, when they see their rulers flying in the face of God and his righteousness, persisting in a course of cruelty and crime, degrading their country, sacrificing its prosperity, and drawing down the judgments of Heaven.

They spoke out, demanding the edict of emancipation that Pharaoh and his ministers had refused. And they spoke in such a manner that Pharaoh dared not any longer hesitate. Let the men go, that they may serve the Lord their God. Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed? Away with Jannes and Jambres, and the pro-slavery advisers that surround the king to the injury of his people and ruin of his country. Let him hear the voice of truth, and regard the welfare of his people.

There is a point where, if the most absolutely gov- and freedom, the most absolute despot trembles and draws back. Let the people speak the decree of emancipation, and it must pass. How much more, where the government being representative, and mass meetings and petitions and remonstrances being among the privileges and duties of the people, they rightfully meet their own responsibility, and call the government to account. But even in Egypt, on this occasion, the most imperious, haughty, absolute potentate probably then on earth did not dare to resist that resolute expression of the popular will. The voice of the people, coming as it began to do, with such a roar of just and bold indignation, in a righteous cause, was more potent, with that beetle-worshipping court, than the voice of God; and what Pharaoh had up to that time refused, or only promised, even under the infliction of seven dreadful plagues, he was compelled to yield, on this demonstration from the people. His own throne was in danger, if he did not seem, at least, to comply with the righteous demand of the country; and, therefore, immediately Moses and Aaron were brought again unto Pharaoh, and he said unto them, Go, serve the Lord your God. Then, afterwards, his despotic trickery comes out, and he continues to evade again the execution of the edict of emancipation, by stumbling upon its details, proposing this and that modification of the plan, resisting unconditional and immediate emancipation, and requiring a gradual abolition by classes; and then, on the refusal of any such half-way scheme by Moses and Aaron, throwing back upon them, as a couple of unreasonable fanatics, the blame of the failure of any settlement of the difficulty. They would carry things (it was said) to such an extreme, they would insist upon such an absolute and unconditional freedom for all classes, men, women and children, that it was not to be endured. Rather hazard another plague, and let the people writhe under God's judgments still, than adopt this abhorred and selfish measure of abolition as demanded.

And so the mad infatuated monarch and his blind pro-slavery advisers galloped on, against God and humanity, and their own country's welfare, to be, in their character and destiny, a warning to all generations, a warning to kings, that yet no king has heeded, till the wonder has been seen of the most absolute monarch now on earth setting free twenty millions; and a warning to governments and peoples, which yet no government or people accepted, till the Christian government of England set free 800,000; a warning to Republics, that no republic on earth as yet has obeyed, though empire after empire and State after State has gone down by this wickedness.

Here we have our case. I challenge all history for a more extraordinary resemblance. Are all the Pharaohs on earth shut up in Egypt or buried under the Pyramids? And have the tribe of Jannes and Jambres, as cabinet ministers, or ecclesiastical and religious orators and advisers, gone out of existence? By no means, but now also, just as in the early days of the struggle for the Christian and universal freedom of humanity towards God, as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these idolaters of slavery resist the truth, and threaten the destruction of the country, men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith. But I hope in God we may be able to say with Paul, that they shall proceed no further, but their folly shall be manifest unto all men, as Jannes's and Jambres's also was.

I have said our case is here, and I think I can make it as plain as day, in a second page or chapter of resemblances. There were two parties in Egypt, the one contending for, and the other against, emancipation, even while the country was under the direct judgments of the Almighty. The anti-emancipation party prevailed to the death of the first-born and the ruin of the country. There was the direct command of God to let the people go, and that measure in obedience to God would have saved the country. Just so now. The command is equally explicit and peremptory. Let the people go, deliver the oppressed, and break every yoke, and that measure would save the country. But the Egyptian government halted and hesitated, chaffering and bargaining with God, promising, and refusing, and delaying, till even the measure of emancipation came too late.

That measure God had resolved to carry at any rate. But the question was, should it be carried with consent of the government and people, securing their salvation by obedience to God, or should it be carried over their heads, over desolated fields and households, idols, priests and armies, to the music of the Red Sea, roaring over their chariots and their cavalry? The result we know. Will we take the warning? It is emphatic and solemn beyond any admonition ever received from God by any nation, except it were the Jews at the time of the crucifixion. Slavery had prevailed in Egypt, not so long as ours, nor one twentieth part so severe, nor with anything like the degree and exasperation of cruelty, impiety and guilt attending it on our part. Nevertheless, it had reached its culminating point, and God had risen to judgment, as he has now done with us. There had been a sort of Harper's Ferry insurrection, somewhat out of time, in Moses's own foray against the system, when he killed the Egyptian for smiting the Hebrew. And Moses would have been hanged as John Brown was, if Pharaoh could have got possession of him. But God hid him at Horeb and instructed him, and gave him a flock to tend, and a wife and family to watch over, till the hour, as well as the man, was come.

Generally, the hour comes before the man, and God calls for him in vain, it being the custom with cowards to hide behind circumstances, and play the part of dead fish to swim with the stream, and wait for God's salvation, leaving God and the march of events to do everything; whereas, the rule for nations as well as individuals is, Work out your own salvation, for it is God that worketh in you. But sometimes the man comes before the hour, and God keeps him back, and trains him. Then, when the hour and the man come together, let the world look out, for God is there. The hour has come with us! May God in infinite mercy present the man, and shelter his head in the day of battle!

I say here were two parties—one for slavery, one for freedom, one for Satan, one for God, one for policy and expediency, in keeping the slaves slaves; the other for the welfare and salvation of the country in letting them go free. There was great management, a great monied interest, a great political power, vast influences, office holders, office seekers; a slaveholding oligarchy, corrupting and misleading the country; horrid misrepresentations and bugbears as to the results of emancipation; great stump oratory, as well as courtly rhetoric; demagogues at work, even among the Hebrews. Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, hinder the people from their work? Let them not regard vain words nor be made discontented by this pernicious Abolition agitation. Get you unto your burdens. Fulfil your tasks. The government are pledged to secure the vested rights of your owners, and they will do it; this property is the most sacred of all property.

The Hebrews themselves were taught that the abolition agitators had only increased their misery and tightened their chains. And the officers of the children of Israel did see that they were in evil case, and they met Moses and Aaron, when these agitators had been pressing God's demand upon him, and they said unto them: The Lord look upon you, and judge; because ye have made our savour to be abhorred in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of his servants to put a sword in their hand to slay us. Your ill-timed Abolition has put back the cause of emancipation half a century. If it had not been for your fanatical demands and agitation, all would have been well and quiet with us; for things were working admirably, but you must needs interfere for mischief. Your project of immediate emancipation is the ruin both of us and of the country. Pharaoh and the government will never accede to your plan, and you are only traitorous to the country in urging it.

There is a window here through which you may look, and at which you may listen. Methinks you may hear a voice strangely similar to modern utterances, and see something of the work going on in Heliopolis or Memphis near four thousand years ago. What if, when Moses was earnestly demanding of Pharaoh, on the part of the Hebrews, that he should obey God's command: Let my people go; one of their own elders had gone about among the people themselves, lecturing to them in these terms: "I have known Pharaoh long and well. It has been my fortune to be selected as one of his constitutional advisers. I have had the honor of being connected with his cabinet in the administration of affairs, and I tell you that you cannot find in all Egypt a man more anxious religiously and scrupulously to observe all the features of the constitutional compromises by which you have your sphere in Goshen, than Pharaoh himself. The rights of all Egypt, South as well as North, shall be constitutionally and conscientiously protected. This is the determination of Pharaoh, and of those who control the administration. Jannes and Jambres have given in their adhesion and advice to the same end, and now let Moses and Aaron beware how they set themselves up against the administration, demanding the unconditional emancipation of the Hebrews. It is rebellion against the government, and Moses is making you all rebels. Either give in your adhesion to slavery for a reconstruction of the Union, or prepare to make your abode in Pharaoh's prison."

It was such men, and such treacherous policy on their part, that confirmed Pharaoh in the hardness and obstinacy of his heart. Again and again the monarch was half persuaded to let the people go, yet sought to modify and cut down Moses's plans, and after consenting to them one day, then, a few days after, when Jannes and Jambres again got his ear, and poisoned his mind with their pro-slavery doctrines, he recalled his permission, and said it would be the ruin of Egypt to execute such plans. So things went on in this imbecile, hesitating, lingering madness, till the time of God's forbearance was over, and the last plague came down—even the death of the first-born. Then, indeed, Pharaoh issued the edict, but it came too late to save Egypt—though not too late for the deliverance of the enslaved. Obedience to God might have been the regeneration of Egypt; but this forced obedience, after ten plagues, left them as completely at enmity against God and under His wrath as ever; and besides, being a forced obedience, it sprang back the moment the pressure was over, and the nation renewed its guilt and completed its destruction. Shall this be our case, or will we in season take the warning?

The business of fighting against God is costly work. And every delay in meeting His demand, the opportunity is less favorable, and the cost is greater. Three months ago, God's proclamation would have ended the war, settled the country, and brought a permanent peace without a battle. To-day, our insane and wicked protection of slavery, our continued governmental oppression of the enslaved, renders the continuance of the war inevitable. A few months ago a plan was laid before our government of purchasing and setting free all the slaves in the border States, by taking on the government a debt of three hundred millions. The proposition—which would have made the whole North a unit against the slavery of the whole rebellion—was utterly rejected, because it was said the nation would never consent to be taxed with such a burden for this purpose. Already the war for putting down the rebellion and reënthroning slavery has cost three times that sum.

The information now before us is to the effect that, in refusing to conduct this war on God's principles, we have been our own greatest enemies. We have enabled the rebellious slaveholders to represent us to their slaves as intending to bring them into a worse slavery. Consequently they will fight for their masters and against us, being taught that they have nothing to expect from us but continued slavery, and no amelioration of their condition, nothing but the perpetuity of their misery. What sort of missionaries do we send among the blacks to prepare for the millennium of our coming, when we take twenty poor trembling, panting fugitives, and whip them, and drive them back to their owners? What kind of reception can our armies expect from a race thus treated? We are preparing a state of things which, when the anticipated necessity comes upon us of employing emancipation for our own salvation, will put such a measure beyond our power, will prevent the possibility of such a refuge.

The method of our surgery with this rebellion is in itself treason, preserving the original rebellious virus in the whole system. It is just as if, having a gangrene in the foot, you should refuse to amputate until you reduce the inflammation in the leg, assuring your patient and his anxious family that when the inflammation in the border State subsides, you will subjugate the foot at your pleasure. But the dark line steals on, steals upward, and still you fight it with fomentations. At length you consent to amputate, but it is too late; the mortification has struck to the vitals, and the patient dies, the victim of a quackery in league with the original disorder.

Here is a grand third point of resemblance between us and Egypt, in our policy and conduct. We have manifested a most wicked regard for slavery, and consequently a most wanton disregard of the interests of the country. We have compromised with the rebellion instead of thrusting it through the heart at God's command—we have fed it, for the sake of slavery, with the blood of our own citizens; we are the first instance in the history of the world, since Ahab, of a nation refusing to use the means God has put in our power to overcome and destroy the enemy. We have been more tender of the rebels' property in human beings than of our own soldiers' lives. We have left our work half finished, exposed our armies to defeat, and instead of hemming in and then extinguishing the rebellion, have scattered it like firebrands all over the country. Why was not the Hatteras expedition followed up by the conquest of North Carolina? Had John Brown commanded that expedition, he would not have come back to be serenaded by his friends, leaving the slaves in bondage, and the State in possession of our enemies. The Roman commanders finished a war and conquered a nation before they took their triumphs. Ours conquer a fort and leave the whole country uninvaded. John Brown would have carried his men, with their principles, to the heart of the rebellious confederacy, and there would have made the rebels join in singing his own favorite jubilee anthem:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!"

In the face of all this imbecility, treachery, disobedience towards God, and suicidal policy towards ourselves, we hear it said "that the great want of the government at the present moment is men! men!" Who does not see, on the contrary, that the great want of the government is principles? There would be multitudes, more than enough of soldiers, if there were one grand principle, the principle of freedom against slavery. There would be multitudes, multitudes, if it were really the Valley of Decision.

Our government is in the condition of the Great Eastern, having broken her rudder pin in the midst of the storm, and rolling in the trough of huge seas, without helm enough for headway. Just so the rudder pin of liberty is broken, and unless the rudder can be chained so as to keep the ship's head towards God and freedom, according to the great compass of God's law of liberty and love, we shall founder. In the merciful providence of God martial law is offered to put that chain of a military necessity upon the rudder. A Massachusetts veteran in the cause of liberty it was that forged that chain, and held it up, years ago, to the gazing nation, and taught us how to use it, and now the time has come. Let our national blacksmiths, who would not or dared not use the constitutional peace principles for freedom, now come forward and mend and strengthen our broken rudder with the chain of the war power, and thus carry us to victory, thus crush the rebellion. If we do not, it will crush us. A madman and a devil, acting under principle, and driving that, will conquer and destroy the wisest and strongest adversary, having no principle that he dares act upon. It is not strength that we need, but principles, one principle, freedom against slavery. So can we conquer, and so only. Otherwise this madman and devil of slavery in the rebellion will leap upon us and overcome us. It is this animating devil of slavery that gives the rebellion all its power. Exorcise that, let our government, animated with the Spirit of Him who appointed government for the freedom and holiness of mankind stand in his place and say, Thou devil of human bondage, come out of this Confederacy, and straightway the rebellion would cease, there would be hardly enough left of it for the swine, and its wretched, bleeding victims, the States, so long wandering in it among the tombs, would be seen sitting in their right mind at the feet of the national government. The rebellious States will come to their senses, and obey us, when we come to our senses and obey Christ.

What, now, is our position, and what are our practical declarations, to the rebels themselves, to the friends of our country at home, and to its friends and enemies abroad? Our government itself, thus far, stands pledged to protect and preserve the heart of the rebellion from attack and injury. We still execute the Fugitive Slave law.

By our continued pro-slavery career, by the perpetual avowal on the part of our newspapers, statesmen, and leading divines, that emancipation is not, and must not, and shall not be our object, by the incessant denunciation against those who demand, in God's name, that it shall be, and by compelling our regiments to turn slave-hunters for the purpose of executing the fugitive slave law, we have lost the sympathy of other nations, and the power we might have had in the example at this day of a nation fighting on God's side a battle of truth, freedom, and righteousness. We might have the sympathy of the world, and it would have been worth an army to us. At present, see how it stands. The tory and pro-slavery party in Great Britain, taking our own newspapers and Northern pro-slavery avowals for their authority, have been enabled to make multitudes believe that the rebellion was only a quarrel of tariffs and political grievances; and now that slavery begins to loom up by the proclamation of Fremont, again it is our own newspapers and pro-slavery orators and pro-slavery government that assure them that no attack against slavery is to be permitted, that it is only Northern abolition fanatics endeavoring to promote a servile insurrection, and they shed tears of painful compassion and shuddering over the prospect of such horrors and the barbarous and savage nature of such a warfare. As if the horrors of a continued civil war on this dreadful scale, and of the system of slavery itself continued, were not infinitely worse than any servile insurrection could be, even if such insurrection were employed to crush the rebellion and end the war and slavery together.

We insist on the emancipation of the slaves by law, under the Divine command and guidance, as the only protection of the country against the horrors of a servile insurrection. This is God's will, and it is our only salvation. If we refuse it, we are preparing a supper of blood for our country. And what is that state of society which the pro-slavery party in Great Britain and in this country mean to be continued rather than have the slaves set free? A state of boundless cruelty, licentiousness and sin, every year of which does more injury to soul and body than years of the worst servile war ever known or possible.

But it is not insurrection, but the preventing of insurrection, which we aim at and secure, in the freedom of the slaves and their orderly array as friends of the government and opponents of the rebellion. But we see how instinctively the same pro-slavery parties in England and in this country strike hands, in each case uniting to wail over Fremont's admirable proclamation, lamenting the prospect of freedom opening in its train.

And on the other hand, when all Europe were ready to hail this proclamation as the beginning of better things in this country, suddenly, painfully, the President's proclamation in behalf of slavery throws everything back, and renders us a byword of tyranny, hypocrisy and contempt. The public letters from France as well as England prove all that I have affirmed on this point.

Note, in the fourth place, how offensive to God the attitude we have adopted, and the impiously selfish and arrogant tone of our public journals, political and religious. "The day it is settled that either slavery or the government must perish, that day slavery will be doomed. The Northern people are determined not to yield to this accursed rebellion, and if it shall prove that they cannot conquer it without emancipation, they will conquer it with emancipation. This would be to them not only an impulse, but a necessity." Mark now the intense impiety of these principles. It is admitted, nay, vaunted, that there is one act in our power, and that an act of humanity, piety, justice, which performed would crush the rebellion and save the country. And yet it is declared that this act is the very last, as if it were the most dreadful, that the country will consent to perform; it will be brought to the verge of dissolution before it will perform that act; it will perform it only as a defeated and unwilling nation driven to extremities. Surely we may hear God's voice as of old in regard to such impiety, Shall not my soul abhor such a nation as this?

We beseech you, mark the sublimity of this wickedness. You have the admission that the emancipation of the slaves would end this war triumphantly for the United States, that it would absolutely and finally crush rebellion when nothing else could do it. So confident are these patriots of this, that they hold the measure in reserve, perfectly sure that if all efforts fail, this will be effective. But all methods must first be tried, even to the destruction of the country, before this absolutely sure and decisive measure is resorted to. Yet this measure is a purely benevolent measure, a measure directly commanded of God as a movement of justice and humanity, a measure of mercy both to the slaves

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

and the slaveholders, safe and beneficent for all parties, and of incalculable blessing to the country and to mankind. Yet, so thoroughly is this act and course of benevolence abhorred, so ingrained and devilish is the love and worship of slavery as these men's idol, that before they will consent to resort to it, or even permit it to be proposed, they must be driven by necessity, compelled by the desolation and ruin of the country. They prefer the slaughter of thousands of their fellow-citizens, the burning of villages, the destruction of wealth, the prostration of industry, and the bringing of the whole country to the verge of perdition, rather than admit the four million of slaves to the enjoyment of freedom. If this immorality is not treason against the country, and of its father the devil, we know not what is.

We may apply the language of one of your political orators, a little changed, and charge on the authors and supporters of this horrid policy, as wholesale murderers, all the increasing bloodshed and continued crime and horror of this dreadful war. "You are a pro-slavery man in a loyal State, and are encouraging one of the most wicked, one of the most causeless, one of the most damnable rebellions that ever existed among men. Apologizing for it, and admitting the sacredness of its object, when you see your own soldiers stricken down and murdered and buried in bloody graves, and still you apologize for this rebellion and hug the cause of it, and will not permit it to be stricken to the heart. Yonder is the mother, whose son went forth a few days since, and was slain in the battle-field. Pro-slavery man, look at her, while the blood of her son is dripping at your fingers' ends. Why was her son slain? Because you were encouraging rebellion and treason, and forbidding its heart's blood to be shed. But yesterday a young bride was called upon to weave a widow's weeds with her bridal wreath. And you were the cause. You were holding out aid and encouragement to the object and life of this accursed rebellion. Your hands are stained with the blood of her husband. Look at that little group of children, surrounding a widowed mother; at these she looks, and at these she trembles, and the little children fall back, lest the murderer of the father shall be the murderer of the children also. Raise your hands to heaven, and aid this rebellion further if you can, infamous wretch!"

A war so infernal on both sides was never known on earth, while each side makes it a war for the continuance of slavery. On the side of the slaveholding confederacy, it is for the permanent establishment of slavery, secure, supreme, perpetual; on the side of the pro-slavery North, it is a war continued, a war not brought to its end, in order to avoid the necessity of striking against slavery, and striking it down!

And now you will note, in the fifth place, the impossibility of this salvation, if, like Esau's repentance and tears, our willingness to embrace it comes too late, or comes like Pharoah's, under the Red Sea. Mark well its proposed terms on our part. It is to be a last resort, a manifest necessity. That is, when it has been demonstrated to all the world that we are unable to cope with this rebellion, when our armies are defeated and demoralized, when the whole world are taught to despise us, and we are despised in our own eyes, being compelled to acknowledge that we cannot subdue the most wicked and wanton rebellion ever organized on earth, when the confederate armies can make their own terms with us, then, forsooth, we will reluctantly resort to this extorted measure of humanity and justice, this act of obedience to God! We will admit it as a last and manifest necessity!

But of this we may be sure; the hour that makes its necessity manifest will put it beyond our power, will make it impossible for us to avail ourselves of it. The hour that makes its necessity manifest, will make our defeat and weakness so manifest as to render the threat of freedom to the slaves a mere braggadocio; so manifest, that our proclamations of emancipation will have no effect but to provoke laughter and scorn. Whenever the necessity of self-preservation compels us to offer terms to the slaves, then we shall have to accept for ourselves the terms offered by the confederacy. Who would carry our proclamations for us?—the proclamations of a defeated country on the verge of ruin! Who would execute the decree of freedom? Indeed, when we are so far gone that emancipation becomes a manifest necessity for ourselves, we shall have an overwhelming party against it on account of its hazard and its impossibility.

Besides, if it were still possible, two could play at that game. We refused to play it when we had the game in our own hands, and could have won by it; our adversaries, when they have the game in their hands, will themselves play it, rather than permit us to get the victory by it. They will emancipate their own slaves, and remain absolutely impregnable by this force, rather than suffer us to conquer by such a measure. It would be just as virtuous an act for them as for us, driven by necessity, and the only question in the race would be, which should catch and bridle the necessity first; whereas, by the very hypothesis we shall have driven the necessity saddled and bridled into their own camp, for them to mount and ride over us with it rough shod. And we shall stand by, a degraded, infamous, self-destroyed nation, infamous in our own sight, detestable in theirs, and the object of astonishment and hissing to the whole civilized world.

Will God wait upon us with the offer of salvation if we refuse obedience to him until it becomes for us a manifest choice between that and ruin? The blackest cloud in our horizon is this impious defiance of the Almighty. It makes us heart-sick with fear of God's wrath to find in all these intimations of the possibility of at length resorting to the measure of emancipation, not the slightest sign of a sense of subjugation towards God, or intention to do His will, or of justice or of mercy to the enslaved. The commands of God and the claims of the negroes are alike and utterly ignored, and the possibility of emancipation is based only on the supposition of its being an absolute necessity of our own existence!

There is no salvation for this Union, no possibility of preserving it from destruction, no possibility of greatness or glory for our country, no possible protection of the country from ruin, except in abolishing slavery, while God gives the opportunity and commands the proclamation. A little time he continues it, a little while is this salvation with us, but if we let it pass, the possibility of crushing the rebellion and reconstructing the Union goes with it forever. The predictions of our enemies abroad will be realized, the republic of the United States will have gone down in shame and blood, our freedom and greatness will remain but the record of a promise in history, broken by our own infatuation in clinging to the most wicked, licentious, cruel, barbarous and impious system of slavery on the face of the earth. Our country is lost except we abolish this wickedness, and this is the question before us, whether slavery or the country shall be destroyed.

Fremont to be Removed.—Dispatches from Washington announce with confidence that the Administration has determined to remove Gen. Fremont from the command of the Western Department. On this subject see the remarks of our Washington correspondent; also the observations made by Mr. Beecher on Sunday last, and printed in another column. An eminent friend of the anti-slavery cause, in a private letter now before us, says: "I am in a state of painful suspense about Fremont. I am afraid he has made some mistakes, which may lay him open to the attacks of his enemies; but I believe him to be noble and true, in the main. If he had ten times as many deficiencies, I don't believe he would ever have been attacked, if he had not made that Proclamation, which is the only really honorable thing that has occurred during the war. Everybody agrees that Patterson's conduct at Bull Run was very culpable. Moreover, he spent ten millions of money, and did nothing. Yet government was very forbearing and silent about *his* delinquencies. He sent back fugitive slaves, and such noble service as *that* of course covers a multitude of sins."

Brownson and Cheever.—The Baltimore correspondent of *The Tribune* is enthusiastic in his appreciation of the efforts of these gentlemen in behalf of emancipation by the war power. He says:

"God bless Dr. Brownson and Dr. Cheever for their admirable illustrations of the true question at issue in this rebellion! None but inspired minds could write and speak as they have done. It has been vouchsafed unto them to see through the darkness, and it has been dispelled by their powerful pens. Not to be irreverent, nothing uttered by the prophets of old can compare with Dr. Brownson's argument for clear-sighted views of the future and felicitous statement, and as I regard all truth as sacred, I do not hesitate to rank his disquisition among the sacred writings. Would that the people could rise to the level of this distinguished Christian philosopher's prophetic eye!"

Our Western Correspondence.

Cincinnati, Oct. 16th, 1861.

There is no doubt, my dear Standard, that we are on the verge of "stirring events" in the West. You may fancy it rather a sublime piece of impudence for a dull, plodding letter to come on by mail, two days after your *telegrammata* (is that the way we shall have to pluralize the Greek term?), and dare to talk as if it could bring any news, and that news "stirring." But I say it, and I say it boldly, and I take the responsibility, that we are on the verge of stirring events in the West. Whether we shall be precipitated over the verge rests somewhat with the powers or impotencies at Washington. For, bless you, don't imagine that these events I am trying to excite your curiosity about are to be looked for down at Cumberland Gap, or Bowling Green, or Paducah, or down in the lair, wherever it is, that conceals Price at present. These events are to happen this side of Dixie's. The fact is, we who live on the line between Washington and St. Louis, can smell what is passing on railroad and telegraph, just as one can smell a leaky gas tube. A million eyes, keen as hawks', have been upon Mr. Cameron, for instance, from the moment he left the War Department to visit the Department of the West, until now. Eyes were on him when he got his ticket, when he went into his sleeping-car, when he reviewed troops, when he talked with politicians; eyes were in his boots when he put them on, in his basin when he washed therein. Five times the government felt about and groped, dagger in hand, to see if sentries were asleep, and if it were safe to plant a bit of diplomatic steel into his military heart; five times the lion in its path growled, a lion not chained like those in Christian's path, only tied with a little red tape. Mr. Fremont's friends regard Cameron's visit as the prelude to a trumped-up charge and a deadly blow. We are ready for it. I have no doubt that Fremont will be removed. My belief is founded upon a recent effort, of which I have heard, to spike certain formidable guns which bore straight upon all the avenues to Fremont. You know this outrageous deed of Fremont—outrageous because it was for freedom and not Crittenden—has enlisted all of your hair-brained fanatics, your incautious visionaries, your Beechers, Channings, Cheevers, Frothinghams, etc., etc.; and these—the hair-brained, etc., aforesaid—have enlisted large numbers of the people. Finding, then, that all talk about Holt, Acts of Congress, Kentucky, only fanned the flame of the enthusiasm of men who plant themselves on the right, certain parties have set themselves to the work of secretly poisoning the minds of such against Fremont. *This that I tell you is true.* Letters have gone forth from Washington, containing allegations against the private personal character of Fremont, charging him with base immoralities of conduct, and praying that such charges shall not be made public for cunningly-devised reasons. The idea is that if these moralists can be "spiked," if the pulpit can be brought into coolness toward Fremont, he can be removed. Let me hereby warn as many of such as can be hereby reached, that they hold all such private calumny against the hero of liberty to be the calumnies of ambitious self-seekers, until they can be thoroughly winnowed. There are men in St. Louis, in Cincinnati, and, doubtless, in New York, who have the means of refuting each of these calumnies; their names can be easily obtained. Let no lover of justice abandon Fremont, or allow his good name to be spotted without using every endeavor to discover the truth. I doubt not many of your readers will understand this suggestion.

As matters now stand, there is a prospect of a revolution in the West and North-west, as soon as the politicians of Washington have filled up the measure of their iniquities. This they will do: Evil is always blind enough to do just that. Deeply are our people alienated from the Administration, and for its policy toward slavery their contempt is profound. The government is perhaps deceived by the fact that there are not so many violent attacks upon it in the Western press as there were three or four weeks ago. A once conservative Democrat yesterday told me that this comparative quiet is only that which precedes a storm; he added, "A few weeks ago, the editors and leaders of public opinion spoke out impulsively what they thought and felt; but now the evidences have come pouring in that the whole mass of the people is so near to a volcanic revolution against the Administration, that these leaders hesitate at every word, for fear that that word will hasten the tremendous result." I believe this to be very near the exact truth. I believe that three cheers proposed for Lincoln in the streets of this city to-day, were he here, would be responded to by three groans; and I know that such would be the case were it Mr. Chase or Mr. Seward.

On the whole, I regard the feeling of our community here as in a healthily morbid condition. I think it considerably better than the feeling at the East. And this is to be attributed to two or three reasons. One is, that our people have a way of staying at home and minding their business; consequently, they don't go to Washington much. You have doubtless perceived what a singular and instantaneous effect going to Washington has upon even the cleverest. Witness Dr. Bellows. One or two of our men here have been sent by our newspapers to be Washington correspondents, and now these newspapers have to be continually defending their readers against their Lincolnized and McClellanized correspondents. As soon as they get to Washington they are taken to see a grand review of our splendid army of the Potomac. afterward they are dined and champagned, until they are sure they see the Star-Spangled Banner floating over Richmond, and write back or return to say that secession is nowhere, McClellan everywhere, and that "Washington is considered safe." May God help W. H. Channing, if he goes there, and mercifully defend him from getting on the Unsanitary Committee down there!

Then, another reason why we are sane yet on a few things out here is, that we have seen with our eyes the meanness and paltriness of the government's behavior toward all who long that this contest shall end slavery. Whilst I write this day, several hundreds of the noblest young men of the West, who have, by the indefatigable regimental officers appointed by Fremont, been gathered here at much expense of money, time and labor, are reeling under the official information that Fremont's appointees are nothing, that they may all go home, that no railroads are authorized to pass them, etc. They have no reason to think that they are to have a cent to repay them for the time they have been enlisted, for their uniforms, or anything else!

You remember Baron Munchausen's story of the latitude in which he was sailing, and where the winter before a ship had gone, every word uttered upon which had stuck fast, frozen in the air. Just as the ship on which the Baron was sailing arrived at that point, the air began to thaw, and all the words, expletives, oaths, remarks, etc., which usually attend a sea voyage, began to be thawed out, and filled the air with violent blasphemies. I think that this Administration will find that this story isn't all lie. Oaths enough, deep and long, have been uttered against it in this city to-day, and for many days past; and though, in the present moment, a semi-forbearance may freeze them as soon as uttered, or at least suppress them, my honest opinion is, that the season when they will be thawed out, and fill the air, is not far distant. A few months ago the President went, amid the ovations of all our cities, to the White House; would to God, for his own and the nation's sake, that he could, step by step, return to-day on a visit to his Western home, and see whether he was any dearer to the nation because he could come home safely and undisguised, doubtless with ovations, through Baltimore.

[For the cause's sake, we hope to hear from this correspondent as often as his numerous and responsible engagements will permit him to write, and from whatever point in the great West he may at any time be called to visit.—*Ed. Standard.*]

Gerrit Smith in New York.—Gerrit Smith will speak in the Church of the Puritans on Wednesday evening next, upon "The State and Needs of the Country." It is altogether superfluous for us to advise our readers to go and hear him. He will have a crowded audience, ready to echo his bravest and strongest word, and eager to promote the object for which he will speak.

Good Preaching.—We have seen a private letter from Mrs. L. Maria Child, from which we are permitted to take this brief extract: "You enjoy a great privilege in hearing O. B. Frothingham. His sermon, published in The Anti-Slavery Standard of October 5th, is truly great. Indeed, everything he writes I always read with unfeigned satisfaction and admiration."

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Oct. 21, 1861.

Mr. Seward has shown his hand again in his circular in reference to our defences. It cannot be that the distinguished Secretary of State really considered the country in such imminent danger that an alarming circular was necessary to arouse the people of the seaboard cities. The circular itself bears the mark of insincerity, and so weak a State document is it that the Secretary's friends here do not hesitate to say that he is not averse to a war with England, and that if the circular should have a tendency in this direction, Mr. Seward would be all the better satisfied. If it be true that Mr. Seward, as some very intelligent persons assert, is anxious to get up a war with England, that the people of the free States may become so disheartened that they will be glad to compromise with the South and slavery on any terms, then we can readily understand this circular, as we can the flaming anti-English editorials of *The Herald*. It seems amusing to see Mr. Seward and the New York *Herald* agreeing for once in trying to foment a foreign war upon the top of this gigantic rebellion. The object of *The Herald* has all along been patent. It desired to so crush the pride of the North under the heel of England and France, that it would most gladly consent to any terms with the South—even to the universal spread of slavery upon this continent. But *The Herald* policy, if adopted, would simply result in the independence of the rebellious States, which would rejoice at our fresh troubles.

It may be that Mr. Seward is innocent of any intention to embroil the country with a foreign war; if so, the circular most certainly shows a lack of statesmanship; for, if he really feared such a war, and wished to avoid it, he would not go to work with such a flourish of trumpets. It is a most singular fact that the popular instinct insists upon it that Mr. Cameron is not as honest as he should be, and that Mr. Seward is not cured of his insane *penchant* for compromise. The popular instinct may err, but it is a strange error. So general is this opinion respecting these men, that, to say the least, their influence is very much injured. Half the people of the free States distrust the Secretary of State on this matter of compromise, and if the current rumors of the street have a grain of truth, the people are right. It is well, at any rate, for the people to watch him with a jealous eye, if they love freedom better than pelf. It will do no harm to the Secretary of State, and may save the country from dangers now hidden from sight. The same is true of Mr. Cameron. Perhaps his transactions are all just what they should be, but let them be closely scrutinized. For one, I believe, no matter how strongly Mr. Seward may fancy compromises, that the progress of the war will cure *even him* of all such weaknesses. When he wakes up to the fact that the rebels despise him far more than they do the open and belligerent anti-slavery Republicans, he will be ready, perhaps, to use any weapons that offer.

The President gave an entertainment the other evening to three distinguished Kentuckians—Gen. Anderson, Mr. Holt, and Thomas H. Clay. The dinner was well enough, but it was not without its political significance. It is such men who control the President at the present time. As men, no one can criticise them. They are noble men, but their policy is a mistaken one. The President begins with admiring the men, and then finds that if he is to take the men to his bosom, he must also hug their principles to his heart. Mr. Holt has succeeded in controlling the President in his policy towards slavery. So we have the disadvantage of that fact without the positive advantage of the immense energy and unquestioned honesty of Mr. Holt as a member of the Cabinet. With him in the Cabinet, its policy towards slavery would be no worse than it is at the present time, and in point of ability Mr. Holt surpasses most of the Cabinet members.

The correspondence between Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward, while it has an air of belligerence, does not really amount to much. It is generally understood here, and especially in diplomatic circles, that there is nothing threatening in our relations with England, though Mr. Seward sees fit to regard the matter in a different light. That Lord Lyons's letter is thoroughly impertinent all agree to, especially in his attempt to foist a British interpretation of our Constitution upon this government. This is John-Bullish, but does not mean war. It is of the utmost importance that the people of the free States should pronounce their opinions upon this subject. Do they wish a war with England? Are they prepared for such a war? That it will be easy for this government to get up an English war, no sane man doubts. If Mr. Seward desires it, he can go into such a war before winter opens, and it is not unlikely that he will do so, unless the American people put their immediate veto on the project. In some circles here, a foreign war is very popular; but those circles are all intensely pro-slavery. Let the people speak their minds freely on this subject, and not permit any Department official or Cabinet minister to hurl the nation into a foreign war without their consent.

In the last number of The Standard I quoted a fugitive slave advertisement from *The National Republican* of this city. Before closing my letter, I wrote a postscript which must have been mislaid by the printer, stating additional facts respecting the advertisement, which I will now state. The advertisement in question was received and inserted in the journal without the knowledge of the responsible editor or publisher, and the moment that the attention of the editor was directed to the advertisement, he ordered it out. Inasmuch as the offence, if it were deliberate, is a very serious one in the eyes of all anti-slavery men, it is but fair that this correction should be made. I know little of the anti-slavery sentiments of Mr. Murtah, the publisher, but its editor, Mr. Weston, and some of the gentlemen here who started the journal and kept it alive when it was in its infancy, are decided enemies of slavery, and will not resort to any of the dirty tricks of our democratic, pro-slavery sheets to obtain money. A slave advertisement finds its appropriate place in *The Evening Star* and *The National Intelligencer*, which are, I hear, the favorite newspapers at the Presidential mansion. *The Republican* is so independent that it doesn't answer for a court journal.

Avon.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair and National Bazaar.

This Fair will be held in the city of Philadelphia, in the month of December, 1861. It is the purpose of its managers to conduct it in a manner suited to the exigencies of the present times, diminishing, as far as possible, its expenses, and furnishing it with such articles as command a sale even in seasons of commercial embarrassment. We deem it necessary to remind the friends of the anti-slavery cause in Pennsylvania that an unusual effort will this year be required for the replenishment of our treasury. In seasons of pecuniary embarrassment, resulting from any cause, Anti-Slavery Societies, as all others, must suffer some diminution of their supplies: but the long-tried fidelity and zeal of the Pennsylvania Abolitionists inspires us with confidence in our appeal to them to meet an unusual demand with unusual energy.

Our thirty years' war for freedom *seems* about to culminate in victory. But many a battle has been lost by too much haste in accounting it won. Until its proclamation of liberty to the slaves proves that this nation has discovered, and is willing to acknowledge, the real cause and only true remedy for the Southern rebellion and consequent civil war, the American Abolitionists will continue to hold their solemn responsibility to the slave, and to the country. Until such proclamation shall usher in the jubilee, our work will not be done. But working as we now are, with the end almost in sight, extraordinary effort for its consummation becomes easy.

With this view of our cause, we ask our coadjutors in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware to put their hands once more to the work of conducting our Annual Fair with the energy and wisdom which the exigencies of the hour demand; not doubting that they who, through the long years of our conflict, have stood firm in heart and hope and faith, will wield their weapons faithfully, unto the end.

Sarah Pugh,	Huldah Justice,
Margaret J. Burleigh,	Anna R. Justice,
Anna M. Child,	Sarah Kenderdine,
Ellen M. Child,	Abby Kimber,
Sarah L. Child,	Martha Kimber,
Elizabeth Clendennon,	Lucretia Mott,
Maria Conklin,	Sarah A. McKim,
Agnes Crain,	Emma Parker,
Maria M. Davis,	Sarah H. Peirce,
Margaretta Forten,	Ruth Anna Peirce,
Martha A. Galvin,	Rebecca Plumly,
Lydia Gillingham,	Harriet D. Purvis,
Sarah K. Gillingham,	Mary Shaw,
Mary Grew,	Susan W. Shaw,
Margaret A. Griscom,	Annie Shoemaker,
Sarah C. Hallowell,	Martha Shoemaker,
Rebecca S. Hart,	Mary T. Stickney,
Anna M. Hopper,	Hannah L. Stickney,
Jennette Jackson,	Emily W. Taylor,
Clementina G. John,	Rosanna Thompson,
Gulielma M. Jones,	Lydia White,
Rachel Wilson.	

MEMORIAL OF THE PEOPLE TO CONGRESS.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the Inhabitants thereof."

To the Congress of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of , State of , respectfully submit—

That as the present formidable rebellion against the General government manifestly finds its root and nourishment in the system of chattel slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained while the cause of this treasonable revolt is permitted to exist; your honorable body is urgently implored to lose no time in enacting, under the war power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right of property in man, allowing for the emancipated slaves of such as are loyal to the government a fair pecuniary award, as a conciliatory measure, and to facilitate an amicable adjustment of difficulties; and thus to bring the war to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indissolubly to unite all sections and all interests of the country upon the enduring basis of universal freedom.

☞ *Editors of newspapers are requested to give this Memorial one or more insertions in their columns.*

Gen. B. F. Butler made a speech at Burlington, Vt., on Wednesday evening, 16th inst. He said that if any foreign nation dared to interfere in our intestine war, [illegible] cease dealing with Southern traitors as [illegible]thers, delicately and tenderly, and should [illegible] loyal Union man, North and South, *black and white, bond and free*, until treason and its abettors are exterminated, and the meddlesome world was taught a salutary lesson. This sentiment was received with overwhelming plaudits.

Likeness of Geffrard.—We are indebted to Mr. James Redpath for a fine mezzo-tint likeness of the President of Hayti, engraved by J. W. Watts, from a photograph by Grice Brothers, Port au Prince. The picture is one to put "colorphobia" to shame. The subject looks "every inch a man."

Errata.—In the last paragraph but two of Mrs. Child's letter to "Our Jessie," which appeared on our fourth page last week, some words were omitted. It should read: "I would have blazoned *on his shield*, in characters brilliant," etc.

"By that we shall be saved, *if we are saved*."

The Rebellion Record.—The illustrations for the first volume of *The Rebellion Record* are issued. They consist of steel engraved portraits of President Lincoln, Gov. Sprague, Secretary Cameron, and Generals Lyon, Dix, and McClellan. It also has wood cut portraits of Alex. H. Stevens and General Beauregard.

A Letter from Mrs. Martineau is received just as we go to press.

OBITUARY.

A very old friend of the Anti-Slavery Cause (a very old friend in both senses), Mrs. Sally Bradford of Duxbury, has ceased to be mortal. On Thursday, the 10th inst., having almost completed her 90th year, she reached that stage of life which we call death. Her husband, the late Capt. Gershom Bradford, herself, and her four surviving daughters, were among the earliest to embrace, and the most steadfast to hold, and the most diligent to diffuse, the truths taught by the pioneers of abolition. In aid of such truth, they gave not only money, as others did, but self-denying and persevering labors, and the ready exercise of their utmost social influence. Their house has ever been a centre of reformatory action, and a chosen resting-place, not only of anti-slavery, but various other departments of unpopular truth. It was early given them to see the corrupt complicity held by the popular Churches, Orthodox and Unitarian, with slavery; and they had the rare courage and fidelity to testify against it.

Mrs. Bradford gave a beautiful example of cheerful, serene and happy old age. Eminently social in disposition, warm in her affections, and hospitable alike to her personal friends and the friends of truth and righteousness, her attachments and her benevolence extended also to the animal creation. Her heart and her sympathies remained always young. Favored beyond most persons of her age with bodily health, she preserved also a healthy frame of mind, looked upon the bright side, and sympathized with youth, kept up an acquaintance with modern literature, and, felt an unfailing interest in human progress. A great lover of home, she was also a "keeper at home"; but she will be remembered and missed by a large circle of friends.—c. w. k.—*Liberator.*

Chronicles of the War.

Fighting near Harper's Ferry.

On Wednesday morning, 16th inst., the rebels showed themselves on Bolivar Heights, overlooking the ferry, and commenced an attack with ordnance upon three companies of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, under Major Gould, stationed on the north side of the river. The firing was kept up for about three hours, when three companies of the Third Wisconsin crossed the river, charged the enemy, and succeeded in capturing one of their cannon. They subsequently retreated in good order to the river, where they were reënforced by three companies of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, and, under command of Col. Geary, charged again upon the enemy, driving them from their position, and recapturing the cannon—a 32-pounder Columbiad—with which they returned across the river. Our forces had but three pieces of artillery, served on the north side of the river, while the enemy had seven pieces, together with a force of infantry and five hundred cavalry. They were completely routed, and driven back three miles. Our loss was about seven killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was not less than 150, including Col. Ashby, who was in command.

The rebels, not satisfied with their defeat, and taking advantage of the return of our victorious troops to the north side of the Potomac, made their appearance again yesterday morning on the Loudon and Bolivar Heights, and renewed the attack upon Major Gould's command with their artillery. Maj. Gould immediately responded with canister, fired from the 32-pounder columbiad captured on the previous day, and succeeded in driving them back, but not until they had burnt a mill at which our troops had seized a large quantity of grain, and taken the miller prisoner, whom they accused of giving information to the national troops. The cannonading was still in progress at last accounts—Major Gould being confident of his ability to keep the rebels from burning Bolivar, as they threatened to do, until such reënforcements arrived as would enable him to cross the river. The inhabitants of Bolivar were flying to the Maryland shore, in anticipation of the place being destroyed.

Western Virginia.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* believes that the campaign in Western Virginia is virtually ended. Gen. Rosecrans has fallen back and taken a position on the Charleston and Lewisburgh turnpike, a short distance above the junction of New and Gauley Rivers. The rebel army appears also to have retired towards Lewisburgh. The roads are represented as having become so bad in that region as to render military transportation next to impossible, and that, of course, renders any important army movement impracticable for a time at least. *The Intelligencer* thinks, however, that the roads should be passable for a month yet, and is inclined to attribute the inaction of the national forces to the fact that Rosecrans's division is not strong enough to act on the offensive, and that it is not regarded judicious to advance too far into an enemy's country at this season of the year, when a rain-storm might at any time stop transportation, without a force sufficient to meet any that might be brought against it.

The Fight on Santa Rosa Island.

A correspondent of the Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* gives additional particulars of the fight on Santa Rosa Island, which present that affair in a different aspect from that in which the first telegrams left it, and make it doubtful whether the rebels gained the decided victory they so clamorously claimed. The letter in question gives the number of the soldiers composing the expedition as 1,200—twice that of the Zouaves—who, it is acknowledged, fought with desperate bravery. The loss of the rebels is explicitly stated to have been very severe, in killed, wounded and captured.

From Missouri.

We learn that the rebel Price, with his whole army, is still in full retreat. On Sunday he was at Clintonville, Cedar County. A regiment of rebels, who have been stationed at Springfield since the battle of Wilson's Creek, have gone southward to join him. A dispatch from Gen. Fremont to Syracuse expresses the opinion that Price will return to the Orange river, and make a stand there. Intelligence from other sources, also, makes it probable that the rebel General will shortly offer battle. On Monday, at a place about twenty miles from Lebanon, two companies of our troops attacked 130 rebel cavalry; after a sharp skirmish the enemy were forced to retire, having lost 30 killed and as many captured. On our side the loss was one man killed and one severely wounded.—*Tribune, 18th.*

Gen. Price has, as was expected, made a stand in Cedar County, twenty-five miles from Osceola, with 20,000 well armed and well disciplined troops, and a large force of irregular militia. It is stated that Hardee, with a large body of troops, expected to join him by next Sunday. Gen. Fremont has reached Warsaw, and had on Wednesday begun preparations to lay a pontoon bridge across the Osage river. When he arrived at Warsaw the opposite bank of the river was lined with rebel cavalry who were dispersed with a few rounds of canister. It has been stated in several ways that for want of adequate means of transportation, and of the muddy state of the roads, Fremont would not be able to move his army; but in an incredibly short time he is almost in face of the enemy, ready to push on with a vigor as great as if his way were perfectly smooth and pleasant in every particular. We have news also of a fight which occurred at Pilot Knob, Mo., on Wednesday; Major Gavit of the 1st Indiana cavalry made an attack on the enemy at the place named; but finding them too strong for him, retired until he met a reënforcement of 600; then forming an ambuscade, he led the pursuing rebels into it, and in a short time they were completely routed.—*Tribune, 19th.*

It is reported that Gen. Wyman, with 2,500 men, has arrived at Lynn Creek, where he dispersed a body of rebels, killing a large number, taking more than 200 prisoners, and capturing a great quantity of property which the enemy had stolen. Gen. Fremont, on Friday night, was still at Warsaw; the pontoon bridge, constructed by him over the Osage river, was to be finished on Saturday; Sigel's division had crossed the river. It was reported that Ben McCulloch had reënforced Price at Osceola, and that this combined army had fortified that town and there waited to give battle to Gen. Fremont. Another dispatch says that it is Carthage where Price means to make his stand. Still another report concerning rebel affairs in Missouri states that Gen. Johnston has been placed in command of all the rebels in that State; but it is not intimated whether he supersedes Price or not. All the reports from that section imply clearly that a hard battle, with a large force on each side, must soon be fought there. The city of Lexington was recaptured by Maj. White on the 16th inst. A large number of our wounded were released, and a number of the rebel garrison were captured, together with their arms, etc. The inhabitants, who had been plundered, were found to be in a deplorable condition.—*Tribune, 21st.*

We learn that Gen. Price has broken up his camp in Cedar County, where he threatened to make a stand, and is once more in retreat toward Arkansas; another dispatch, however, implies that he still remained at or near Stockton, in Cedar County, where the rebel Legislature was in session, and to which Ben McCulloch, with from 6,000 to 12,000 men, was tending. It is reported that a scouting party, in number 100, were taken prisoners by 600 rebels at McCabell, Caldwell County, and that 400 of the national troops in Cameron County were ready to march to their rescue; also, that 400 or 500 rebels in Carroll County had captured 17 of Col. Morgan's men, and that the Colonel himself had started in pursuit.—*Tribune, 22d.*

The news from South-east Missouri is of a highly satisfactory character. The rebel forces under Jeff. Thompson and Lowe have been badly defeated, and Lowe himself has been killed. This intelligence is contained in a dispatch received at Pilot Knob from Fredericktown, where the battle took place. The rebel force was estimated at five thousand, and their losses are stated to be heavy, while the national loss was small, and confined principally to the First Indiana Cavalry, of whom Major Gavitt and Capt. Hayman were killed in a charge upon a battery, in which four heavy guns were captured.—*Times, 23d.*

From the Upper Potomac.

On Monday, five companies of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment crossed the river at Harrison's Island, some distance above Edward's Ferry, and at daybreak had proceeded to within a mile and a half of Leesburgh without meeting the enemy. They were subsequently encountered, however, and the Massachusetts men were reënforced by the remainder of the regiment, and by a part of the Twentieth, but the rebel force was much superior, and our troops were ultimately driven back. Col. Baker, of Oregon, was killed while gallantly leading his regiment, which threw his command into confusion, and caused the retreat. A crossing was also made at Edward's Ferry, and our troops now occupy the Virginia side. A cavalry reconnoissance was made from there in the morning, in the direction of Leesburgh, and the Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment was encountered, but without loss to our troops.

Remonstrance of England.

The British government, through Lord Lyons, has expressed its concern at the arbitrary arrest of two British subjects, Patrick and Rhaume, and remonstrated against such irregular proceedings, deeming the authority of Congress necessary to justify the arrest and imprisonment. Secretary Seward has replied at length explaining the reasons for the procedure, and politely informing the British government that, without questioning the learning of the legal advisers of the British crown, it can hardly be expected that the President will accept their explanations of the Constitution of the United States, especially when these explanations find no real support in the letter and much less in the spirit of the Constitution itself. He must be allowed, therefore, to prefer and be governed by our organic national law, which, while it will enable him to execute his great trust with complete success, receives the sanction of the highest authorities of our own country, and is sustained by the general consent of the people, for whom alone that Constitution was established.

Rebel Commissioners to Europe.

It was stated a few days ago that the steamer Nashville had run the blockade at Charleston, and gone to sea with, as passengers, ex-Senators Mason and Slidell—the former as commissioner to England, the latter to France. The U. S. Government having sent off three steamers in pursuit, it is now declared by the Richmond *Enquirer* that the Nashville has not gone to sea at all, but is still at Charleston.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

Praying for the "Jay-Hawks."—The New York *Times* prints a letter from Osawatomie, Kansas, Sept. 29, from which this is an extract: "There have passed through here the past week more than fifty teams, with families from Missouri. One of Harris's slaves is a Christian woman. She said she was praying to have the 'Jay-Hawks,' as she calls them, come and liberate them. She said, when she was praying, law'd, massa, seemed as though the air was full ob the 'Jay-Hawks.' She said her heart jumped right into her mouth—she was so glad they had come. The 'Jay-Hawks' have made Mr. Gillet a visit, and taken all of his negroes, stock, horses, carriages, and destroyed his furniture; and, in fact, they raised Ned and turned up Jack. Mr. Gillet lives about four miles from Kansas city. They did not touch the store."

The Slaves of Kentucky.—I have been conversing with an intelligent lady belonging here, who reached this city from Kentucky on Saturday, having got away with great difficulty. She gives strange accounts of the position and conduct of the slaves. Those belonging to the rebels, as well as those of the Union men, are all made by the rebels to believe that if Jeff. Davis succeeds, they will be made free. All the negroes, no matter by whom owned, are dangerously insolent to the Union men, and especially to the female portion of the families of the latter. The rebels employ their slaves in sacking the farms and running off the chattels and stock belonging to Union men. The most outrageous falsehoods are told to the negroes to keep them in subjection. No friend of the Union, in the district she left, dare open his mouth. All business is broken up, and families are flying into Ohio and Indiana for safety, leaving the bulk of their moveable property to rebel spoliation. Grain, produce and cattle have fallen two thirds in price since the blockade of the Mississippi, and what little business is doing is merely barter. Her joy at reaching this refuge was indescribable.—*Phil. Cor. Tribune.*

Gen. Lane on Slave-Catching.—Gen. Jim Lane has many strong friends, and many bitter enemies also, in Kansas. Some of the latter have been making severe but contradictory charges against the General's Kansas Brigade, accusing it now of inefficiency, and again of ferocity and lawlessness. In a speech at Leavenworth on the 8th, which we find reported in *The Conservative* of that city, the General gives his maligners some very plain answers. On the subject of slave-catching he says:

"But they say we steal slaves—great God! Lieut.-Col. Blunt, of Montgomery's Regiment, has just returned from the interior of Missouri, and they tell me he comes back with more slaves than white men ('good, good,' and cheers). Secessionists get no slaves from the Kansas Brigade. When a Union man comes to my camp to recover slaves, I tell him to look upon the camp as naked ground. 'Resort to the same measures that you would if I were not here.' If he fails to recover his slaves, we give him a certificate—as a voucher to the government—that such a man lost such a slave by the march of the Kansas Brigade. Slavery disappeared before my Brigade (applause). I guess that's true (renewed applause). But it disappears on the principle I have laid down. I venture to say, that if I were to tell Montgomery, or Blunt, or Stewart, or Williams, or Bowles, 'You shan't take those slaves,' the reply would be: 'Slaves are men, and you shan't make me a nigger-catcher for traitors' (great cheering).

"Is there a man here who would act as a slave-catcher for Price? I wonder if that dirty dog Prince would do it? This is the sin—this is the charge against us. We march to crush out treason, and let slavery take care of itself. If they don't want slavery to perish, let them lay down their arms, or do the other thing—keep Lane's Brigade out of Missouri (rapturous applause). In my opinion, this war will never be successfully carried out so long as an army marches through slave States as a boat goes through a flock of ducks. They fly up on its approach and nestle down as soon as it has passed. The boat is safe, and so are the ducks. When you march through a State, you must so march that traitors will feel the horrors of war. Take the Union man by the hand, but lay waste the property of traitors. Why is so much sympathy shown for traitors and none for Union men? Hundreds and hundreds of Union men have followed the Kansas Brigade to escape the clutches of traitors. Did you ever hear this puppy Prince say a word about Major Dean, who was robbed and driven from his home by traitors? Not a word of sympathy for such men. But let a slaveholder lose a nigger, and the very air resounds with cries for the return of the fugitive ('shame,' 'shame'). Now, I'll tell you what I want of you. We'll do your fighting. We'll try and not surrender."

Summary.

Prentice says: "If, after administering the oath of allegiance to a secessionist, you hang him on the spot, he won't break it."

The fact is well worth recording, that nearly all the men in the last Congress who voted against the prosecution of the war—with the exception of those from the free States—have either entered the rebel army within a short time past, or are preparing to do so—John C. Breckinridge among the number.

Enormous Export of Breadstuffs.—During the week ending on the 19th inst. there were exported from New York to Europe 1,377,546 bushels of grain and 83,524 barrels of flour, estimated to be worth two and a quarter millions of dollars.

Lieut. Smalley says, from West Point to Osaola it was the most desolate looking country he ever saw. He said they would not see more than two or three persons in a day's march. Farmers, both secession and Union men, have left their homes. He saw thousands of bushels of peaches on the trees and ground—some of them were very fine. They had all the peaches and apples they wanted. The crops are nearly all destroyed.

A Touch of Winter.—The first frost of the season occurred at the White Mountains on Tuesday night. The White Mountains have been capped with snow for some days. On parts of the Mount Washington carriage road the snow has drifted three and four feet in depth. The rivers in the mountain districts are now very low for the time of year, and a general thaw of the old and new snow is greatly desired by those using the water power for manufacturing purposes.

Story's Bust of Parker.—The friends of Rev. Theodore Parker will be gratified to learn that the marble bust by William W. Story, Esq., so long expected, has recently been received in Boston, and has been placed by Mrs. Parker in the Public Library, for a limited time, on exhibition. Mr. Parker sat many times for the model during his sojourn in Rome, and expressed the highest satisfaction with the result. He said to the sculptor—"It looks as if it could do what I would, but cannot."

The "Grape Cure" is becoming very popular in Europe. Several infirmaries have recently been established, in one of which, at or near Salsburg, Germany, the late king of Prussia was for some time an inmate. In cases more especially of deranged digestion, the treatment is found to be remarkably efficacious. The Albany *Evening Journal* has known of several cases of chronic dyspepsia cured in a few weeks. The "course" lasts from three to six weeks; and the quantity eaten per day from one to four pounds. Pleasant medicine! Will "the juice of the grape" do the business, if we cannot get the grapes themselves! That is the interesting question.

A Poet Robbed.—John G. Whittier, for his amiability and for his genuine heart-stirring poetry, deserves to be exempt from some of the ills to which men who have gardens have been heir to during the past summer and autumn, but he must be classed with the common herd in this respect. Whittier loves pears and he raises them too. This year, in the midst of the general fruit famine, the destroying angel left untouched the poet's pear trees, they being full of luscious Beurres, Bartletts, Duches, etc., but a few nights ago some imp without wings stole them all. Amesbury owes it to herself to ferret out the dastardly and mean rascal who has thus treated her best and most renowned citizen.—*Newburyport Herald.*

Sewell on the West Indies.—The New York *Times*, speaking of the book trade of England, says: Few books of the season have achieved so complete a success as the "Free Labor in the West Indies," of W. G. Sewell, published by Sampson, Low, Son & Co., of London, simultaneously with its publication in this country by the Harpers. The Journals and Literary Reviews on the other side the water accord it the same hearty recognition and cordial appreciation that it obtained on this. One of the leading foreign authorities pronounces it, unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly, "the best discussion of the emancipation question extant," claiming for the author, in an eminent degree "candor of investigation and impartiality of judgment."

A letter from Paris describes the embarrassment of Southerners there: "One young man from Mobile, with an income of eight thousand dollars a year, is in the debtors' prison of Clichy, at the suit of the keeper of an 'American bar-room.' Another young man, of a wealthy family in Louisiana, has been obliged to enter a store as clerk, and still another has obtained employment in the office of an architect. But the hardest case of all is that of a young man from one of the Southern States, who, by the stoppage of the Southern mails, is left perfectly destitute. But this is not the worst of it. He has been for some time engaged to be married to a young lady in Boston, and the happy event was set for the 15th of September.

A Discarded Southern Clergyman.—We learn that a distinguished clergyman, settled for many years over a large congregation in a Southern city, with whom he was very popular, went on a visit to Europe several months ago, and has recently returned to New York. He opened negotiations with the government at Washington to be allowed to return to his society, and the government stated to him that he could go as far as they could give him safe conduct, but intimated that it was possible he might find no city when he reached the spot where it is now located. In the meantime, however, his Church and society have sent him word that he had better not return, for his failure to hasten home when the South was involved in so vital a contest, has alienated his people from him, and he would not meet with a pleasant reception.—*Boston Traveller.*

Anti-Slavery Preaching in Washington.—I am reminded by a friend here that in a former letter I did injustice to the clergymen of Washington—that there were two Orthodox clergymen here who, on Fast-day, pointed out slavery as one of the prominent causes of the war—one of them the pastor of the Protestant Lutheran Church, and the other a Methodist preacher. This correction is made with great pleasure. There are so few anti-slavery clergymen here, and it is so rare a thing to hear a word upon the subject of slavery from the pulpit, that I would especially notice every symptom of progress. It is, however, true that not one of our well-to-do clergymen—the pastors of popular or well-supported Churches—yet ventures to speak or pray for the slave, or intimate that slavery has the remotest connection with the present civil war.—*Wash. Cor. Independent.*

The last number of *Punch*, which we have received, contains a clever caricature of "A Family Quarrel." Brother Jonathan and his wife are in the middle of a family jar; but the cream of the joke is, that a black man in the background is dancing with joy at the rupture. What strikes this moral *Punch* as ludicrous is, that the aforesaid black slave should be rejoiced at the prospect of emancipation. It is very funny, is it not? When factory-children danced at the passage of their emancipation bill, it wasn't funny at all; when the wretched boys and dwarfed girls in the coal mines hailed the passage of Lord Ashly's bill, it was quite a serious business; but when Sambo cuts a double shuffle at the possibility of liberty, it is very ludicrous indeed. What an old humbug this money-making *Punch* has become! We remember him when he was poorer, and more of a Christian.—*Tribune.*

A Rebel General's Stationery—More of the Pickings and Stealings.—A remarkable instance of rebel shamelessness and proneness to stealing was manifested in Bishop General Polk's recent communication proposing an exchange of prisoners. That communication was actually written on a sheet of Congress letter paper, with an engraving of the Capitol at Washington, and the Union arms stamped upon it, with thirty-three stars, and was part of the plunder with which some traitor Senator or Congressman had stuffed his trunks before leaving for the regions of secession. It was not enough for them to steal navy yards and ships and ordnance and Indian bonds and custom-houses and rifles, but they actually descended to the contemptible meanness of pilfering stationery and paper cutters and pen wipers. So much for the honor of Southern chivalry.—*Herald.*

A Supposition.—Suppose the Fugitive States had absconded upon the Tariff question? Or the Public Land question? Or a question of representative apportionment? Would political justice, or even political expediency, which is something meaner, have demanded of us anything so irrational as debate without reference or allusion to the subject-matter of debate? What moralist rebukes a sinner, and yet spares his easily besetting sin? Slavery has seceded; taken up arms; engaged in a wicked and unnatural rebellion; yet slavery is just that which we are not to mention, and much less discuss. Thus a writer in a New England newspaper, whose eyes are in the back part of his head, complains that "the fertile fields of the South are to be deluged in blood, and all this to carry out the one idea of Abolitionism." Sagacious censor! Suppose we reverse his proposition and say that "the fertile fields of the South are to be deluged in blood, and all this to carry out the one idea of slavery." Would not this be as near the truth, and perhaps nearer? Why will not these "O-no-we'll-never-mention-it" gentlemen see that *they* are as garrulous about slavery as the veriest immediate Abolitionist!—*Tribune.*

The President's Wife.—We have, for the first time in the history of Presidents, a President's wife who seems to be ambitious of having a finger in the government pie. Her friends compare Mrs. Lincoln to Queen Elizabeth in her statesmanlike tastes and capabilities. She is by no means a simple domestic woman, but was evidently intended by nature to mix somewhat in politics. That she does so is undeniable. She has ere this made and unmade the political fortunes of men. She is said to be much in conversation with Cabinet members, and has before now held correspondence with them on political topics. Some go so far as to suggest that the President is indebted to her for some of his ideas and projects. She is a very active woman. Nothing escapes her eye. She manages the affairs of the White House (I do not mean State affairs) with ability, and will see to it that her "old man" does not return to Springfield penniless. In foreign countries her turn for politics would not subject her to adverse criticism, but the American people are so unused to such things, that it is not easy for them to like it.—*Wash. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

STANDARD AID FUND.

Some errors occurred in our list of acknowledgments for the "*Standard Aid Fund*" last week, which we correct as follows:

Pledges.

Ann Haslam (printed $70),	$10 00

Donations in Pennsylvania.

Ann Haslam,	$10 00
Joseph D. Potts,	5 00
Abby Goodwin,	5 00
Rebecca B. Neall,	5 00
E. H. Irish,	10 00
Alexander Gordon,	5 00
Aaron Floyd,	5 00
John Marshall,	1 00
Wm. M. Shinn,	5 00
Mrs. M. M. Brooks (printed $6),	5 00
Levi Coates, Cochranville (ack. twice),	5 00

Advertisements.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS UNDER THE LAW.—Three Lectures delivered in Boston, January, 1861. By Mrs. C. H. Dall. 16mo, 63 cts.
Lecture I.—The Oriental Estimate and the French Law.
Lecture II.—The English Common Law.
Lecture III.—The United States Law, and some thoughts on Human Rights. Published by WALKER, WISE & CO, 245 Washington street, Boston.
Sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

THE REJECTED STONE; OR, INSURRECTION VS. RESURRECTION IN AMERICA. By a native of Virginia. 12mo. flex. 50 cts. Sent by mail free on receipt of the price.
Published by WALKER, WISE & CO., 245 Washington street, Boston.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE MARTYR OF DECEMBER 2, 1859.

I LOOKED, and on the highest height
 Of Zion's radiant mount
The Lamb stood in his regal form,
 Of life and light the fount;
And round him shone the multitude,
 His signet on each brow;
From sin, from death, from earth redeemed,
 They walk with Jesus now.

And louder peals the trumpet's voice,
 And higher swells the strain,
Anthem on anthem rolling past,
 Like waves of some great main,
And harpers, with their golden lyres,
 Give a new welcoming
To one 'midst that blest company
 Of martyrs triumphing.

On earth they give the traitor's doom,
 In heaven, the martyr's crown—
On earth the badge of shame, but there
 The conqueror's renown.
And He who rendered up his life,
 That man might ransomed be,
Has welcomed to his throne the one
 Who died the slave to free.

Peal, thunder, peal, with fuller note
 Of holy ecstacy;
Sing, ransomed, sing; another voice
 Joins your pure melody,
And mid the light ineffable,
 Unstained by guile or sin,
A new crowned Saint dwells evermore,
 The Savior's fold within.

Newport, R. I. ELLEN.

*CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.**

From The [London] Saturday Review.

THIS little book has many merits as a biography. It is plain, modest, and carefully put together, is written with a hearty and intelligent sympathy for the man of whom it speaks, and the cause for which he lived and died, and allows him to speak as much as possible in his own words, and tell his own story, without lumbering the narrative with a mass of irrelevant gossip and so-called contemporary history. Besides the chief figure, the book gives a slight but vivid and truthful sketch of a group of families, of a type which cannot perhaps now be paralleled in any other part of the world; of good descent, and gentle in blood and manners, poor in this world's goods and with no desire for wealth, and living a primitive and patriarchal life; a simple, God-fearing society, tilling and subduing the earth quietly, until they are brought face to face with the great question which is tearing their nation in pieces, and then taking their part in a spirit of the noblest heroism and self-sacrifice. The whole story carries us back near three thousand years, and we can almost fancy ourselves standing by the herdsman of Tekoa, and hearing his answer to King Amaziah. "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit; and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and said unto me, 'Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.'"

The book, too, is singularly well-timed. We are full of scorn and disgust at the panics, the exaggeration, the coarse bluster and purposeless action of the Americans. It is well that we should get this glimpse into the heart of New England; and never was there a time when Englishmen had more need to fix their eyes steadily on any example, come from what quarter it will, of faith which goes beneath wrangling and speculation, and holds ease and goods and name and life as a trust to be used, kept, or cast away at the call of Him who has bestowed them.

We will give a short sketch of the life of Captain John Brown in the hope of leading readers to the book itself.

John Brown was born in 1800, in Connecticut. He was sixth in descent from Peter Brown, one of the pilgrim fathers, and both his grandfathers had been officers in the revolutionary war. His father moved West when he was five, and was one of the first pioneers in Ohio. John would always sooner stay at home and work hard than go to school, and at twelve, "to be sent off alone through the wilderness, sometimes more than a hundred miles with companies of cattle, was his great delight, barefooted and bareheaded, with buckskin breeches suspended often with one leather strap over his shoulder, but sometimes with two." When war broke out with England, his father supplied beef to the army. John visited the camp, and was so disgusted with what he saw, that he refused to drill for the militia, and paid fines for exemption until past the age for service. On this occasion he saw a negro boy of his own age, who had done him numerous little acts of kindness, brutally used, beaten with an iron shovel by a man in whose house he was staying, and who made a great pet of Brown. To this he himself attributed his first hatred of slavery, which grew into a belief that "he had a commission direct from God to act against it." Unlike many Abolitionists, he had a high opinion of the negroes, who, he said quaintly, "behaved so much like folks, he almost thought they were so." But until past middle life he had no opportunity of doing more than helping individuals; at last, in 1849, the opening he had been so long waiting for presented itself.

Up to that time, he had been a well-to-do farmer and tanner, rigidly upright in his dealings, and skilful in business, though he never accumulated much money. He was twice married, and the father of fourteen sons and six daughters, who had been reared in his own strong faith, and intense hatred of slavery. In 1849, Mr. Gerrit Smith, of New York, a rich and well-known Abolitionist, offered plots of ground in the Adirondack Mountains to colored settlers, and Brown wrote to him: "I see by the newspapers that you have offered so many acres of land to each of the colored men on condition they cultivate them. Now, they are mostly inexperienced in this kind of work, and unused to the climate, while I am familiar with both. I propose, therefore, to take a farm there myself, clear and plant it, showing the negroes how such work should be done. I will also employ some of them on my land, and will look after them in all ways, and be a kind of father to them."

His proposal was accepted, and he moved to the black farm of North Elba, in the Adirondacks, where his family still live, where corn will not grow, and cattle have to be housed six months in the year. Before this time, however—in fact, as early as 1839—he had made up his mind that slavery could not be put down without a fight, and had studied drill and military works to prepare himself for the struggle which he foresaw, and would never engage in any business which could not be wound up honorably on short notice.

In May, 1854, the "territory" of Kansas, in defiance of the Missouri Compromise, was thrown open to slaveholders, and was at once invaded by bands of "border ruffians," as they soon came to be called (and rejoiced in the name themselves), who passed over into Kansas from Missouri and other slave States. The temper of these men may be judged from their leaders. Gen. Stringfellow, speaking in Missouri to a force of them about to start for Kansas, exhorts them thus: "I tell you to mark every scoundrel among you who is the least tainted with abolitionism or free-soilism, and exterminate him. Neither give nor take quarter from the damned rascals. To those who have qualms of conscience as to violating laws, State or national, I say the time has come when such impositions must be disregarded, as your rights and property are in danger. I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder (the Governor of Kansas appointed by the United States) and his myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither take nor give quarter, as the cause demands it. It is enough that the slaveholding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal." Gen. Stringfellow was mistaken. There were several appeals open to the Kansas free-settlers—to the United States government, to their own friends at home, and to the Judge of all the earth. They carried their cause to each of these courts, failed in the first, and were successful in the other two. Amongst others, four sons of John Brown were on their way to Kansas. They had no arms with them. On their arrival, they found "border ruffian" law prevailing, and were plundered and insulted. They wrote to their father "to procure such arms as might enable them in some degree to protect themselves, and personally bring them to Kansas."

John Brown procured arms, started at once, and arrived in Kansas in the autumn of 1855. Pierce, the then President of the Union, now openly sided with the slaveholders, who thus gained the upper hand for a time. In October, at the elections, a crowd of ruffians, "the Missouri mud scarcely dry on their boots," with rifles in their hands, knives in their belts, bottles in their pockets, and whiskey in their bellies, swaggered round the polls, drinking and shouting in exultation over their triumph." The free State settlers were not yet thoroughly roused. Attempts were made on Lawrence, the stronghold of the free State settlers in the winter. In May, 1856, the United States Marshal, at the head of eight hundred men, entered the town on pretence of making arrests. The arrests were submitted to peaceably, the Marshal dismissed his men, by whom, in twenty-four hours, the town was sacked. From this time civil war raged, and the free settlers formed themselves into companies: one at Prairie City, under John Brown, described by Mr. Redpath, is worth looking at as a contrast to the Missouri ruffians: "Brown himself stood near the fire with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and a large slice of pork in his hand. He was cooking a pig. He was poorly clad, and his toes protruded from his boots. . . . In this camp no profane language was permitted, no man of immoral character was allowed to stay, except as a prisoner of war. He made prayers in which all the company united every morning and evening, and no food was ever tasted by his men until the divine blessing had been asked on it. Often, I was told, he returned to the densest solitudes to wrestle with God in prayer. . . . . He said to me, I would rather have the small-pox, yellow fever, and cholera together in my camp than a man without principles. It's a mistake, sir, that our people make when they think bullies are the best fighters, or that they are the men fit to oppose these Southerners; give me God-fearing men—men who respect themselves—and with a dozen of them I will oppose any hundred such men as those Buford ruffians."

Not the sort of men, these, one would care to be fighting with. So their enemies found; they soon were marked men. A certain Captain Pate and his company captured two of Brown's sons, sacked and burnt their houses, and treated them so brutally that one of them went mad. Within a few days, Brown, with twenty-three men, attacked Pate's company of sixty, entrenched in a strong position, with a ravine behind and a breastwork of wagons in front, and completely routed them, taking Pate and twenty-one men, besides wounded, prisoners.

In August Captain Brown and "Preacher Steward," another free leader, united their companies, and, with sixty men, attacked a camp of one hundred and sixty Missourians with the like result, taking thirteen prisoners, their whole baggage, and one hundred stands of arms. On the 30th, a detachment of five hundred Missourians under Gen. Reid, marched suddenly on the town of Osawatomie, near which Captain Brown's camp lay. They shot his son Frederick in cold blood on their way. He had just time to throw himself with thirty men (half of whom were almost without ammunition and retired early in the fight) into the wood in front of the town. Before they were driven back across the river with a loss of two killed and three wounded, they had left thirty-two dead and fifty wounded of the enemy on the field. The Missourians sacked Osawatomie and returned in triumph to their own State; but, it is said, that the sight of the killed and wounded, when the number of Brown's men who had fought them crept out, spread a feeling of terror through Missouri which had no small influence in freeing Kansas.

The tide was turning; Lane and Stevens were victorious in other parts of Kansas, but again Lawrence was threatened, while only two hundred men could be mustered for the defence. Brown was in the town, and they unanimously voted him the command. He mounted on a packing-case, and addressed his men: "Gentlemen: It is said there are twenty-five hundred Missourians down at Franklin, and that they will be here in two hours. You can see for yourselves the smoke they are making by setting fire to the houses in that town. This is probably the last opportunity you will have of seeing a fight, so that you had better do your best. If they should come up to attack us, don't yell and make a great noise, but remain perfectly silent and still. Wait till they get within twenty-five yards of you, get a good object, be sure you see the hind sight of your gun, then fire. A great deal of powder and lead, and very precious time is wasted by shooting too high. You had better aim at their legs than their heads, but in either case be sure of the hind sight of your gun." After which characteristic speech, he led out the one hundred men who had rifles, routed the advanced guard of four hundred, and the rest drew off.

In October, 1856, "the ruffians" having retired from Kansas, Brown visited the Eastern States, to get funds for properly arming and equipping one hundred mounted men, and for purchasing arms and ammunition. The object of his journey, to a great extent, failed. He left again for Kansas, in April, 1857, in deep sadness; a paper in his handwriting, entitled, "Old Brown's Farewell to the 'Plymouth Rocks,' 'Bunker Hill Monuments,' 'Charter Oaks,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" shows how bitterly he felt this failure. But his spirit was as brave as ever. His brother "urged him to go home to his family, and attend to his private affairs. I feared his course would prove his destruction, and that of his boys." He replied, "he was sorry I did not sympathize with him. That he knew that it was in the line of his duty, and must pursue it, though it should destroy him and his family." To another influential Abolitionist who helped him, he remarked, "I believe in the Golden Rule, sir, and the Declaration of Independence. I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the face of the earth—men, women, and children—by a violent death, than that one jot of either should fail in the country. I mean exactly *so*, sir." And in this temper the old man went back to Kansas in the spring, where he had already lost one son, had another son and son-in-law desperately wounded, and a third son driven mad by ill-usage, and where he and his had lost their whole disposable property.

He found Kansas comparatively quiet, and on his return the Missourians who had been threatening the border withdrew. He at once organized a raid into Missouri to free slaves, and teach the men of that State to mind their own affairs. He and his lieutenant, Kagi, crossed the border with twenty men, liberated and carried off four families of slaves, asking them how much their services had been worth, and taking property to that amount; which feat created such a panic in Missouri, that, in a few days, the two border Counties were cleared of slaves. The Governor of Missouri offered three thousand dollars for the arrest of Brown, to which President Buchanan added two hundred and fifty; but he carried his convoy safe to Canada. The story of his march of three months is full of comic and pathetic incident; but too long to be given here. The result of it was the complete confirmation of his belief that "a few men in the right, and knowing they are, can overturn a king. Twenty men in the Alleghanies could break slavery to pieces in two years. An old man," he said, "should have more care to end life well than to live long"; and with this faith set to work on his long-meditated attack on Harper's Ferry.

"Mr. Brown was sanguine of success," said his wife to the two friends who brought the news of defeat to the family of North Elba; "we all looked to it as fulfilling the hopes of many years. For he has borne the yoke of the oppressed, as if upon his own neck, for these thirty years." It is needless to dwell on the story of how those twenty-two men, on Sunday, October 16th, 1859, entered a town of five thousand inhabitants containing an arsenal, and took and held it for nearly three days. Little as Englishmen in general know of or care for American affairs, that story, at least, is well known to them. We, as a nation, believe that it was the act of mad fanatics, made respectable by the fact that they went through with their work and gave their lives when they failed. We have no space here to discuss the plan, which was, indeed, never carried out. The attack was made a week before the appointed day, and with only a small portion of the force which Brown had organized for the work. His own view of the matter in the letters written just before his execution, is, perhaps, worth our consideration: "As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or humanity. Before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that, in the worst event, it would surely pay. I often expressed that belief, and can now see no possible reason to alter my mind. I have been a good deal disappointed as regards myself, in not keeping up to my own plans; but I now feel entirely reconciled even to that, for God's plan was infinitely better, no doubt, or I should have kept to my own. . . . I can trust God with the time and manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony for God and humanity with my blood will do vastly more towards advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote, than all I have done in my life before. I beg of you all" (his wife and children) "meekly and quietly to submit to this, not feeling yourselves the least degraded on that account." To his brother he writes: "I am gaining in health slowly, and am quite cheerful in view of my approaching end, being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose." But the spirit in which the attempt was made has never, that we know of, been fairly known in England till now. It may be gathered from Brown's last words to his men: "And now, gentlemen, let me press one thing on your minds. You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends; and, in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not, therefore, take the life of any man if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it." The testimony of all the prisoners who were in the power of Brown and his men during the three days, and of those who fought against him, agree in showing how thoroughly this counsel was acted out.

Ten of the band were killed in the fight, including two out of three of Brown's sons who were with him; six besides himself were taken and executed; the remaining five, his son Owen amongst them, escaped. The conduct of all the prisoners, at their trial and on the scaffold, was in keeping with their lives. An attempt was made to plead insanity, which Brown, lying on his cot within the bar, at once interfered to reject. "Insane persons," he said, "so far as my experience goes, have but little ability to judge of their own sanity; and if I am insane, of course I should think I knew more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity, and I reject, so far as I am capable, any attempts to interfere on my behalf on that score."

In the whole five weeks which passed between his sentence and execution, he had to endure the constant visits of citizens curious to look on the chained lion, or interested in trying to extract from him something which should implicate their political enemies. He never seems to have lost temper or heart, or to have given way to repining or boasting. But to every visitor he bore the same witness: "You had better—all you people of the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of this question. It must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it, and the sooner you commence that preparation the better for you. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean." While devoting great part of his time to prayer and reading his Bible, he sternly refused to see any clergyman who approved of slavery, and none other offered themselves. To one who tried to force on him an argument, he said, "My dear sir, you know nothing about Christianity. Of course I respect you as a gentleman, but it is as a heathen gentleman." The rest of his spare time he spent in answering the letters of his friends and writing to his wife and children. These letters are as interesting as any part of the book, and show throughout the same strong, practical, business-like mind, and the faith which had supported him throughout burning brighter at the last. "I have enjoyed remarkable cheerfulness and composure of mind," he says, in one of the last, "ever since my confinement; and it is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for a cause—not merely to pay the debt of nature as all must."

On December 2d he was led out for execution, after taking leave of his five men who were still in prison. Near the door of the prison stood a black woman with a child in her arms, and he stooped an[illegible] the child tenderly. He had been treated [illegible] in prison. "You are a game man, Cap[illegible]," said one of those who rode in the wagon with, and was watching him. "Yes," he said; "I was so trained up; it was one of the lessons of my mother; but it is hard to part from friends, though newly made." "This is a beautiful country," he said, as they ascended the hill on which the gallows stood. "I have not cast my eyes over it before." And so, with three thousand troops to guard the ground, the men of Virginia hanged the old New England farmer; and now the question which he exhorted them to prepare to meet has come up for decision.

* Life and Letters of Captain John Brown. Smith and Elder.

MEMORIES.

Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
 As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish the morn would bring back the time
 When your heart and your step were so light?
I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
 And of all that I joyed in then,
But the brightest that ever arose on me
 I have never wished back again.

Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
 As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye gather them up, as they faded fast,
 Like buds with an early blight?
I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
 And I mourn not their stay was fleet;
For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall
 And were, even in falling, sweet.

Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie,
 As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish they were round you again once more
 By the hearth that they made so bright?
I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
 They are dear to my heart as then,
But the best and the dearest among them all
 I have never wished back again.

WHY DOES THE GOVERNMENT HESITATE?

[Extract from a pamphlet entitled "The Rejected Stone; or, Insurrection *versus* Resurrection in America," by a Native of Virginia, believed to be the Rev. M. D. CONWAY, of Cincinnati:]

WHEN we stand true Knights of Humanity; when we have set our hearts to strike for the innocent and wronged; when we have bound ourselves in a holy compact, as a Legion of Honor, to strike down those who raise themselves upon the weak—then the royal soul of our race shall rise and return to lead us, and the sword that never failed shall carve the path of our victory through every "bar," and bring back the thirty-two stars as jewels in its hilt.

As yet the watchers must sit by the foaming, seething sea of events, awaiting the great hand, and the sword which alone can win the day for America. Not yet, not yet. As yet our leaders turn their faces from the hunted fugitive, even if forced to receive him; as yet the soldier's sword has not the calibre to carve the iron of the slave's manacle. When our Anglo-Saxon blood mounts to its royal height, and grasps its final, noblest weapon, four million chains will fall—nay, six million hearts, whose drugged blood owns the same fountain with ours, will cast off the virus which has maddened them, and every State hasten as a Knight to the Table where Arthur reigns.

Why does not this nation at once draw this sword? Why does it not, owning what is whispered in every heart, that this war means *freedom for all or chains for all*, at once inscribe EMANCIPATION on its banner?

No one questions that slavery is the cause of this rebellion.

No one questions that to recover the Union as it was—*i. e.*, with slavery in it—is to recover the elements that have led to this collision, and must bring it on again whenever the slave interest thinks itself strong enough for another effort.

No one questions but that the only alternative of this will be the subjugation of the North in a moral sense—the suspension over the ballot-box of the hair-strung sword of civil war, so that fear, and not conviction, shall decide every election.

No one questions that slavery is the one stain and blot which disgraces our flag and cripples our progress, and that, but for the protection given it by the Constitution, the nation should and would have abolished it forever.

No one questions that, by the appeal which slavery has made to an arbitrament beside the Constitution, compelling the temporary obedience to military law and military necessity, by which the Constitution itself has provided for its own possible suspension, our nation has a right to strike at the very root of the evil, which, so long as it remained subject to the Constitution, it must protect.

No one questions the position of John Quincy Adams, that the power to abolish slavery is contained in the war power.

Yet in this war, law has been as often suspended in favor of slavery as against it; for it is a direct violation of law for one of our soldiers or military officers to return a fugitive slave, such return being provided for in due form of law, and assigned to appointed civil officers. Where, by the growing compulsion of events, our government has been compelled to liberate slaves, it has done so with all the tenderness for the South that a mother might show for her pet babe. To-day comes the news that, by a final decision, escaping slaves shall be retained, whether belonging to loyal or disloyal; but, as if frightened at reaching this dizzy height of resolution, the order of the Secretary of War immediately provides that any slave wishing to return to the service from which he has escaped shall have no let or hindrance! We quote this, not as an instance of unfaithfulness to freedom, but as an example of the infatuation and terror which seem to seize upon and confuse all our public men, when they touch this question of property in man. Any one whose wits are about him can see that, by this order, any treacherous negro of Gov. Letcher's household may be bribed into escaping to Fortress Monroe, and, after suitable observations, "voluntarily return," to give such information as, at Manassas, the rebels had, by their own account, to pay $100,000 for.

Why this timidity? Why this overweening tenderness with human bondage? One would suppose that a system, repulsive to all the instincts of humanity, which can exist only by a toleration almost barbaric, would be at once crushed when it became an outlaw and a foe; but here we are, pirouetting amongst its interests as daintily as Mignon among the eggs she dare not break. Wherefore?

Not because any member of this Administration loves slavery, but because the government fears to divide its physical forces; that is, to alienate certain persons in the North and (supposed) in the South from the cause of the Union itself, as separate from the slavery question. In fact, *for the sake of certain persons who, in case of a direct issue between the American Union and slavery, would take sides with slavery.*

But if such men should, unwashed, put forth their hands to defend the Union, would it not be a sure proof that it would be the old tar-and-feather Union—a Union not fit to be saved?

Unto this assembly, mine honor, be not thou united!

Indeed it is, in the eyes of every lover of universal freedom, the highest mission of this conflict to liberate this land from the influence of that vile Northern Mephistopheles, the party which has in every way fostered the arrogance of slavery, and encouraged the madness of the South, which it is now forced to abandon in the conflict to which it has seduced that misguided section. The guilt of this rebellion is not heaviest on Dixie's Land, by any means.

These tories would be a drag and curse to our side, if they should espouse it. The hearts of freemen, the world over, would shrink back chilled and distrustful.

"We shall march conquering—not thro' their presence;
 Songs shall inspirit us—not from their lyre;
Deeds shall be done—whilst they boast their quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire."

DAYBREAK.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Died, half an hour after daybreak, Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, at Florence."

THE morning blushed out from the heart of the summer,
 And rippled its rosiness over the world;
It dawned where the shadows slept under the murmur
 Of cadenced white waterfalls, silvered and curled.

It stroked its white fingers o'er beards of bowed barley,
 And rippled its breath over billowed wheat seas;
O! never a day has stooped o'er us so fairly,
 With peace in its sunshine, and balm in its breeze!

The core of the year, with its affluent gladness—
 Its beauty, its music, its plumage of corn—
Passed deep in the shadow of infinite sadness;
 For she, our Queen Poet, went up with the morn.

Oh! pale grew the robing that folded the mountain,
 And wrapped its grieved face in a sorrowing spray—
Exhaled the last heart-drop from poesy's fountain,
 When she sang with angels at breaking of day.

O Freedom! thy priestess lies dead at the altar!
 And well for thy temple her life had been long.
When Liberty chanted, her voice did not falter;
 Transfigured, God made her Archangel of Song.

And well may Italia bow low in her weeping!
 And well may the summer grow pallid with ruth!
Cavour rests in silence, and Browning is sleeping—
 The foeman of tyrants, the singer of Truth.

Be hers in Valhalla the throne-room of glory—
 The sceptre of poets—the crown she has won—
The purple of spirits; and ours be the story,
 The sweet rhythmed life which at morning was done.

"GLEN IRIS," Summer, 1861.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

THE French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin. The sentinels were doubled, and the strict orders given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies were plenty and troublesome. At midnight, Pierre Sancoin was stationed at one of the outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man, and a good soldier. The colonel of his regiment was with the sergeant on this beat, having requested to be called at midnight, that he might visit the outposts.

Pierre, he said, after the men had been posted, you must keep your eyes open. Don't let even a stray horse go out or come in without the pass. Do you understand?

Aye, mon colonel, I shall be prompt. The dogs are all around us, and you cannot be too careful. Don't trust men or brutes.

Never fear, was Pierre's answer, as he brought his firelock to his shoulder, and moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next post, and Pierre Sancoin was left alone. Pierre's post was one of the most important in the camp, or around it, and he had been placed there for that reason. The ground over which he had to walk was a long knoll, bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at the other sloping away into a narrow ravine, in which was a copse of willows. Beyond this copse the ground was low and boggy, so that a man could not pass it. The rock was to the westward, and Pierre's walk was to its outer side.

The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars; and a sort of fog seemed to be rising also from the marsh. The wind moaned through the copse in the ravine, and the air was damp and chilly. With a slow, steady tread, the soldier paced his ground, ever and anon stopping to listen, as the willows in the ravine rattled their leaves, or some night bird started out with its quick flapping.

An hour had passed away, and the sentinel had seen nothing to excite his suspicion. He had stopped for a moment close by the side of the rock, when he was startled by a quick, wild scream from the wood, and in a few moments more a large bird flew over his head.

Parbleu! he muttered, after the night bird had flown over; could mortal man have stopped that fellow passing?

He satisfied himself that he had done nothing wrong in suffering the bird to pass. He had walked the length of his way two or three times, and was just turning by the rock, when he was sure he saw a dark object crossing the line toward the copse.

Hold! he cried, bringing the musket quick to his shoulder. Hold, or I fire!

And with his piece at aim, he advanced towards the spot where the object stopped; but as he came to within a few yards of it, it started to move off again toward the camp.

Diable! cried Pierre, move any further, and I fire! What, pardieu! Le Prince? Ho, ho; why, Prince!

The animal turned, and made a motion as though he would leap upon the sentinel's bosom, but the soldier motioned him off.

Bravo, Prince, Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast, which had now sat upon his haunches. Pierre recognized the intruder as a great dog of the breed of St. Bernard, which had been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been missing for about a week. He disappeared one night from the pickets, and all search for him had been unavailing.

Parbleu, mon grand Prince, Pierre uttered, as though the dog could understand every word; the men will be happy to see you; where have you been so long?

The dog made no answer to this, save a low whine, and a familiar nodding of the head.

Now, mon ami, you must just keep sitting there until the guard comes, and then we'll go to the camp together. Mind that, will you?

And with these words, uttered with solemn emphasis, and due meaning, Pierre started on his beat again. He had got half way to the rock, when the idea of looking around struck him, and he did so. Le Prince was moving towards the camp again.

Ha! Prince, that won't do! Stop! stop! or I'll shoot! Diable, the colonel was positive in his orders. I was to let nothing pass my post without the countersign. A dog is something. You can't go, Prince, so now lie down. Down! down, I say!

With this the dog lay flat on his belly, and stretched out his fore paws. Pierre patted him upon the head again, and having duly urged upon him the necessity of remaining where he was, he resumed his march once more.

During the next fifteen minutes the animal lay perfectly quiet, and ever and anon the sentinel would speak to him by way of being sociable. But at length the dog made another attempt to go into camp. Pierre had nearly reached the rock when he heard the movement, and on turning he could just see his uneasy companion making off.

Diable! the honest fellow muttered, I must obey orders. The colonel's word was plain. Here! Parbleu! Come here! Here. Prince! Mon Dieu! you must die if you don't!

With a few bounds the soldier had got near enough to the dog to fire, and as the latter stopped, he stopped.

Mon cher ami, you must stay with me! Here! Come back! I must shoot if you don't. Parbleu! what a thing to start the whole camp for, to shoot a dog!

But by coaxing and threatening, the sentinel got the dog back to his post, and there he made him lie down once more. And thus matters rested till the tramp of the coming guard was heard.

Ah, now, Prince will be relieved, the soldier said, stopping near the dog. You shall go and see your old friends.

The tramp of the coming guard drew near, and Pierre was preparing to hail them, when the dog took a new start, and in a new direction this time, starting towards the copse.

Here, here, Prince! Pardieu, don't you run off again.

But the animal took no other notice of the call than to quicken his speed.

Back! Back! Here!

Grand Dieu! This last exclamation was forced from Pierre's lips, by seeing the dog leap to his hind legs and run thus! In an instant the truth burst upon him. Quick as thought he clapped his gun to his shoulder and took aim. He could just distinguish the outlines now, and fired. There was a sharp cry, and then Pierre had to turn, for the guard were approaching.

Qui est la?—Who is there? he cried.

Relief guard, was the answer.

And having obtained the countersign, he informed the officer what had happened.

A dog? cried the officer. Prince, did you say?

He looked like Prince; but, diable, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs!

Eh? Hind legs?

Yes.

Then come; show us where he was.

With this the officer of the mounting guard pulled the lantern from his breast, and having removed the shade, he started on. Pierre led the way to the copse, and there the dog was found in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him over.

Grand Dieu! he cried, what legs for a dog, eh!

And no wonder he did so. The hind legs of the animal were booted, and had every appearance of the pedal extremities of the genus man. But all doubts were removed very quickly, for as the officer turned the body again, a deep groan came up, and the words, God take me! in the Prussian tongue, followed.

Diable! here's an adventure! uttered the officer, and made Pierre hold the lantern while he ripped open enough of the dog's skin to find the face. But they concluded not to stop there to investigate, so they formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and lifting the strange animal upon it, they proceeded on their way. When they reached the camp, they found half the soldiers up, waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were brought, and the body placed upon the ground. The dog skin was removed, and within was found a Prussian drummer. He was a small fellow, though apparently some twenty years of age; but he was dead, Pierre's ball having touched his heart, or somewhere very near it. His pockets were overhauled, and in one of them was found a cypher, but no one could make anything out. The colonel took it, and directed that the body should be placed out of sight for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About four o'clock, just before daylight, another gun was fired on the same post where Pierre had been, and this time a man was shot who was trying to make his escape from the camp. He was shot through the head. When the body was brought into camp, it was found to be that of a Bavarian trooper who had been suspected of treachery, though no proof had been found against him. On his person was found the key to the cypher which had been taken from the person of the Prussian drummer; and now that the colonel had them both, he could translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be a direction to the Bavarian to lay his plans for keeping as near to Napoleon's person as possible, after he should enter Berlin, and then wait for further orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bavarian had contrived to call the great dog away from the regiment and delivered him up to the enemy, and his skin was to be made the cover for a spy to enter the camp under. And the spy would have got in, too, but for the sportive order of the colonel, and the wilfully faithful obedience of Pierre Sancoin.

On the next day, Pierre was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and the Emperor said to him, as he bestowed the boon—If you only make as faithful an officer as you have proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can ask no more.

TYNABRUAICH.

HILLS and waters, how ye thrill me,
 With your sun-wove raiment on!
Have ye with the same clear beauty
 Through forgotten summers shone?

Hills and waters, clouds and breezes,
 Rock and heather, fern and tree,
Glad I am to come among you,
 And to find you all so free!

Who that loves to watch the sunbeam,
 Would not joy to see the light,
With its morning waves of splendor,
 Break from Tynabruaich's height!

Tynabruaich, calmly resting
 In the shadow of the hills,
Would I heard the winter voices
 Of its sleeping summer rills!

Who is proud, let him be lowly—
 Who is lowly, let him soar;
For the glory of these mountains
 Is the Lord's for-evermore.

Softly plash the glittering waters
 On the narrow, stone-spread shore;
But the bending rocks bear witness
 Of their dash in stormy roar.

Come, O King of earth and heaven,
 Clear the dusty pilgrim's eye!
What were nature if I missed Thee—
 What were for me but to die!

God of resurrection glory!
 Thanks for all that's shown me here,
Where the shadow still is brooding,
 And is dropping still the tear.

Be it mine to view thy wonders
 In a fairer world to be;
Grant me, Savior, to be with Thee—
 Grant me but Thy face to see.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

From The Syracuse Standard.

LAST Sunday, Mr. May preached upon this prolific theme. Besides other and more grievous abuses of the faculty of speech (one of the distinguishing gifts of God to man), he dwelt awhile upon the vice and folly of angry and cutting *replies* to insulting or abusive words, and showed how violent and even deadly quarrels have been fomented by such replies; and enjoined it upon his hearers never to *speak* when angry. The following story, translated from an old French volume, will illustrate very pleasantly the truth of some things he said on this point:

There was once a woman in humble circumstances, who was most unhappy. Her husband beat her every day, and treated her so as to make her life miserable. She went to a neighbor, an old woman, who was considered very wise. Some people said she was a witch, because she always succeeded in what she undertook. The truth is, this woman, having much sagacity, and trying to understand the character of those she lived amongst, made them generally do as she wished, and foresaw what they wished to do. The good woman listened to her neighbor's complaint, and as she knew her husband as well as herself, she told her she would exert her skill to do her a kindness. She fetched a large pitcher of water, placed it on the table, walked round it three times, muttering some Latin words. She then put two grains of salt into the water, and having filled a bottle with it, told her neighbor to take it, and be very careful of it, and whenever she saw her husband out of humor, and inclined to quarrel with her, to fill her mouth with the water, and promised her that so long as she held the water in her mouth, her husband would not beat her. The woman went away, promising to do as she was directed. She no longer doubted that this woman was a real witch, for during the week that the water lasted, her husband though frequently angry, had not beaten her once. She was very sorry when the bottle was empty, and went to the old woman to have it filled again. You will not want any more, said the old woman. It is only river water, over which I muttered some unmeaning words. But said the poor woman, it has had the power to prevent my husband beating me. Because it prevented your replying to your husband, said the old woman, for you could not speak while you held the water in your mouth. Go home, and whenever you find your husband out of humor, or in a passion, instead of provoking him by an angry or sharp reply, hold your tongue, just as if your mouth was full of water, and you will soon find his ill humor pass off. The young woman followed this advice, and found the benefit of it, for her husband, being no longer irritated by contradiction, soon lost the habit of getting into a passion, and they lived together from that time in great happiness.

HOW STRAW PAPER IS MADE.

From The Philadelphia Press.

THE art of manufacturing paper of straw has made rapid progress since its discovery. The paper was first made in this city in 1854. Although of a dingy yellow hue, harsh and brittle to the touch, and scarcely to be handled without tearing, its production was deemed the marvel of the age (as indeed it was), and the very least of the many glorious auguries of it was, that it should entirely revolutionize the newspaper business in time. In those days the straw was most unscientifically boiled in open tubs, and consequently it was never perfectly freed of its silica; and being silicated, it was found almost impossible to wet it down for press-work; so that the paper was either too much printed, or not printed at all, and a growl went up from the reading public, of alarm and indignation.

Under various mitigated forms, the evil, nevertheless, continued for years, and the growls grew fainter and fainter as the people's eyes and perverted tastes became accustomed to it.

About eighteen months ago letters patent were secured for various important modifications of the original process. The method of making straw paper, as now pursued, at least in this city, may be described as follows:

The straw is first passed into a cutter, whereby it is reduced to lengths of from three to four inches. It is then thrown into large vats, and thoroughly saturated with spent alkali. A most unpleasant odor hence arises, somewhat similar to that perceptible in large breweries, but we are informed that it is not prejudicial to the health of the workmen. This operation of mixing is termed "breaking down," and changes the straw in color to a dark biske.

It is next filled into large air-tight boilers, fourteen feet in diameter, subjected to a pressure of steam ninety pounds to the square inch, and boiled in another alkali. Each of these boilers will contain eleven thousand pounds of broken straw. It is then ground into pulp, in the same method and by the same machinery that have hitherto been employed in the manufacture of rag paper. It has now been changed to a very dark slate color, and it would be difficult for us to recognize in it any element of the bright yellow straw of an hour since, if we were not previously acquainted with the marvellous nature of the transformation.

After this it passes into a series of vats, where, by means of certain bleaching powders, it is brought to a hue of snowy whiteness and reduced to a proper consistency by water. The mass now bears much resemblance to plaster-of-paris in solution, and is ready to be worked up into paper.

The most interesting process yet remains to be described, but we must pass into another apartment to witness it. At the eastern extremity of the room is a sort of trough, into which the pulpy liquor is pumped by steam power, and from which it flows upon a horizontal sieve of very fine copper wire. The fibres of the pulp at once arrange themselves on this sieve. A species of film is thus formed, which, though not a hundredth of an inch in thickness and largely saturated with water, has sufficient body to answer every purpose. It is next made to pass between a series of wooden rollers, which gradually consolidate and compress its fibres and free it of all the surplus water. By means of heated rollers, through which it is caused to pass, every particle of moisture is at length removed, and it is calendered by being pressed between heavy, polished iron rollers. The positions of two small revolving wheels, with cutting surfaces, between which it is caused to move, regulate its width as required, and it is finally wound upon reels, from which it may be cut off into sheets of any length.

The entire operation is so simple that the visitor who has an opportunity of inspecting it cannot fail to comprehend it almost instantly. The machinery, nevertheless, requires to be of exceeding accuracy, and is accordingly rather expensive. Its capacity admits of the production of 9,000 pounds of paper per day, but only about three-fourths of that amount is at present manufactured, or between 170,000 and 190,000 pounds per month.

Two thousand tons of straw are yearly consumed here in the manufacture of paper. But forty per cent. of this, however, is available as fibre. The balance passes off into glutinous matter and silica, neither of which being convertible into dollars and cents represents an appreciable value.

The immense waste in the raw material is, however, fully compensated for in the advantages of the product. Compared with paper made from rags, straw paper has more body for the same weight, is better adapted for fast presses, and it will not readily tear, and calenders much more smoothly. As to whether it can be produced at a cheaper rate, we shall not take it upon ourselves to state.

There are probably not over half a dozen factories in the United States engaged in making it. Two or or three of them are situated in New York, and another in Cincinnati.

There is but one newspaper establishment in Philadelphia which uses straw paper for printing purposes.

Advertisements.

BOOKS FOR THE TIMES.
A Depository for Anti Slavery and kindred publications has been opened in Albany, at 15 Steuben street, a few steps from the Delavan House. Among the works kept on sale at the Depository are The Speeches and Writings of W. Lloyd Garrison; The Sermons, Lectures and Speeches of Theodore Parker; Congressional Speeches and other Discourses by Gerrit Smith; Sermons, Lectures and Essays of Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D.; Travels in Texas and the Slave States, by Fred. Law Olmsted; The Impending Crisis, original work and compendium, by H. R. Helper; The Life of Captain John Brown, and other works by Redpath; The Memoirs and Sermons of Rev. Dr. Channing; Isaac T. Hopper, a True Life, by Lydia Maria Child.

Also, the Speeches and Writings of Horace Greeley, Alvan Stewart, Lysander Spooner, John G. Whittier, Gurowski, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Frederick Douglass, William Goodell, George M Stroud, C. C. Burleigh, W. H. Burleigh, Lydia Maria Child, A. D. Mayo, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Russell Lowell, Henry Ward Beecher, John Quincy Adams, W. H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Joshua R. Giddings, Cassius M. Clay, William Jay, Samuel J. May, W. H. Furness, Lovejoys, Beriah Green, E. H. Chapin, Geo. W. Curtis, &c.

These works, with many others, will be sold at the publishers' lowest prices.

There will also be kept, for gratuitous distribution, a great variety of Pamphlets and Tracts on Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, &c., &c.

☞ Donations are solicited to aid in printing and circulating Petitions, Tracts, &c.

Subscriptions will be received for the Anti-Slavery Standard, The Liberator, The Herald of Progress, and other liberal newspapers.

A good supply of Stationery will also be kept for sale at the Depository.

Friends of the cause, and the public generally, are invited to call. LYDIA MOTT, Agent

DR. WM. P. POWELL, JR., SURGEON, &c., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, Licentiate in Midwifery, Dublin, Ireland, formerly Resident Surgeon to the Liverpool Southern Hospital, late Resident Surgeon to the Liverpool Eye and Ear Institute, respectfully begs leave to announce to the citizens of NEW BEDFORD and vicinity that he has returned to his native city and solicits their patronage, where he may be consulted or attend patients at his residence, 109 WILLIAM STREET, from 9 to 11 a.m. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m., and during the night

HARRINGTON.—This new novel is for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office in Albany, 15 Steuben street, LYDIA MOTT, Agent. It will be sent by mail on receipt of the retail price.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

COAL, STOVES, ETC., ETC.,

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the Store,

No. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, ETC., ETC.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the City, to furnish the best quality of Lehigh, Schuylkill, etc., at the lowest cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND HAND STOVES, FURNACES, etc.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage. WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES.

J. M. MCKIM,	DR. CASPER WISTAR,
SAMUEL RHOADES,	JAMES MOTT,
DILLWYN PARRISH,	THOMAS WILLIAMSON,
PROF. C. D. CLEVELAND,	W. B. FURNESS.

EDWARD N. HALLOWELL,
COAL DEALER,
OFFICE,
133 WALNUT STREET, BELOW SECOND
PHILADELPHIA.

SAMUEL WALL, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER AND GLAZIER, 336 North-Sixth street, solicits the patronage of his anti-slavery friends and other readers of The Standard.

UNDERTAKING.—WILLIAM HEACOCK
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
NO. 18 NORTH NINTH ST., WEST SIDE (ABOVE MARKET),
PHILADELPHIA.

CARD.—ANNA M. LONGSHORE POTTS, M. D., Practising Physician, No. 6?1 North-Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa. All cases in Medicine and Surgery treated with the most approved remedies, and most modern aids and appliances known to the science. Especial attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of women and children.

WM. HEACOCK'S FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS, No. 18 N. Ninth street, above Market, Philadelphia. Furniture made, repaired, varnished and upholstered. Mattresses made and repaired. Blinds, &c., put up and taken down. Removals and Packing of Furniture carefully attended to.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of hardware, cutlery, &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, WARNER JUSTICE.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks; Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
130 Market street, S. W. corner Fourth, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favors, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined refrigerators, water filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole agency for Butterworth's celebrated bank, vault and door locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

CONFECTIONERY — REMOVAL. — Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish ice creams, water ices, jellies, cakes, candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of free labor, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.
JONES & CO.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationery, blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American cap, letter and note papers, envelopes, sealing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every description, very superior gold and steel pens, ink and inkstands, sand boxes, wafer cups, paper weights, plain and fancy penholders, drawing pencils and books, Bristol board, tracing paper, impression paper, tissue paper, visiting and wedding cards, pocket books, portfolios, bankers' cases, liaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1,000 mercantile firms, insurance companies, banks, &c., furnished with blank books to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
FRIENDS' MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES (*a new Plate*).
CLOTHIER & PEDRICK,
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor this Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.